

ARLINGTON EXTERIOR

VOL. 3. NO. 23.

ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH 9, 1901.

THREE CENTS



Easter Sunday

will be here before you realize it, and all the world and his wife will don their best attire. Be ready for it by ordering your new suit of us, and we will have it ready for you by that time. We have the finest stock of selected fabrics in all shades and styles, and our fit, workmanship and style are exquisite.

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Business established about 1888.

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All kinds of hard and soft woods finished in the latest and most improved manner. Kalsomina, painting in water colors. Graining, Glazing and Paper Hanging. Local agents for one of the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand or procured at short notice. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

Shop, 450 Mass. ave., opp. Medford st. Residence, 51 Lewis Ave.

Johnson's Arlington Express.

J. H. EDWARD'S Prop.

Main Office, Monument View House.
Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

Order Box Faneuil Hall Market.

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If you have any Expressing, Piano or Furniture Moving to do please give us a call. We have the largest business and can give better results than any other express in Arlington. Telephone, 122-3 Arlington.

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AT BOSTON PRICES.

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Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed.



Square Yourself, Old Man,

when you come home late a little domestic difficulty, by bringing a box of our delicious Caramels or a loaf of Hardy's Milk Bread. They never fail, and will be found irresistible at any time. Our choice Candies are sold at such low prices that every one can indulge their taste for sweets with economy.

N. J. HARDY,

Baker and Caterer, 657 Mass. ave.
CATERING WORK UNEXCELLED.

A. BOWMAN,

Ladies' and Gent's TAILOR,

487 Mass. ave., Arlington.

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Canned	Dried	Strictly
Tomatoes, Beans,	Prunes, Peaches	Fresh Eggs and
Peas	and	Fine
and Corn,	Apricots,	Butter,

At Pleasant Street Grocery and Provision Store.

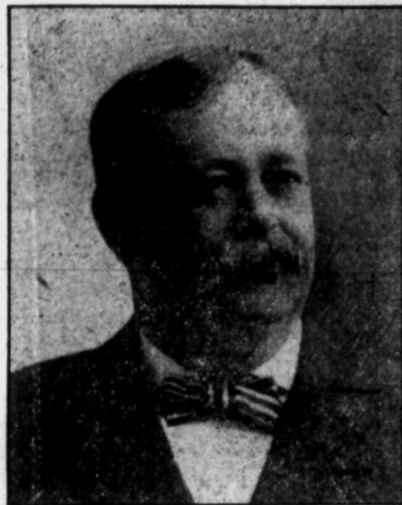
JAMES O. HOLT.

A QUIET DAY

Town Meeting in Arlington
Devoid of Excitement—
A Good Vote.

Selectman E. S. Farmer Re-elected—
Contest Over the Park Commissioner Results in Success of Henry D. Dodge—No License by 261 Majority.

The annual town meeting which occurred on Monday was for the most part without any sort of a contest. Mr. Walter A. Robinson was moderator. Mr. Robinson has served the town in this capacity for several years. The only interest begotten during the day was between the candidates for park commissioner for a term of three years. Will-

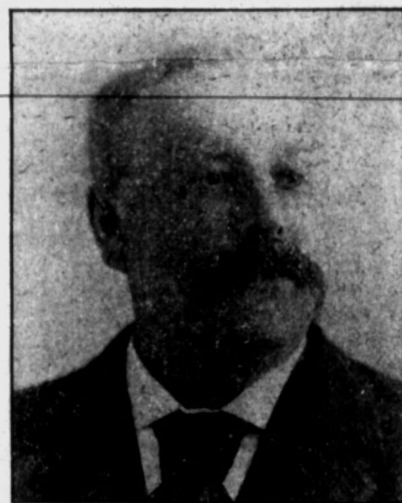


EDWIN S. FARMER.
Re-elected as One of Arlington's Selectmen.

Ham A. Muller was the caucus nominee, while Henry D. Dodge was made a nominee through nomination papers.

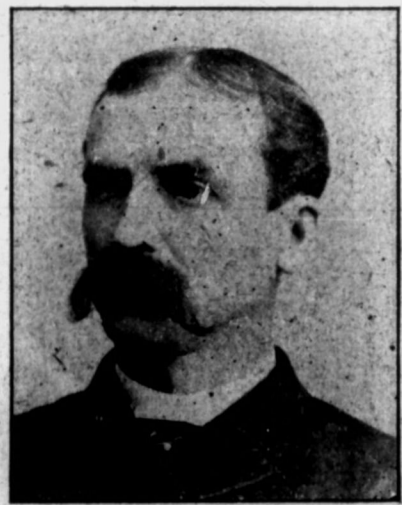
Walter W. Conant was made a candidate for selectman through nomination papers. He ran against E. S. Farmer. The whole number of votes cast was 622 of the male persuasion, and twelve votes were cast by women for school committee.

B. Delmont Locke for town treasurer and collector received 503 votes. For selectman Edwin S. Farmer received 434 votes; Walter A. Conant, 132. Assessor for three years, Omar W. Whittemore 527. School committee for three years, Anna E. Dodge 489, Andrew F. Reed 421, Walter A. Robinson 476. Water commissioner, three years,



WALTER CROSBY,
Selectman of Arlington.

George W. Lane 518. Sewer commissioner, three years, Edward S. Fessenden 516. Park commissioner, Henry D. Dodge 345, William A. Muller 209. Commissioner of sinking fund for three years, Alfred D. Holt 457. Trustee of Pratt fund for five years, Henry Hornblower 484. Trustees of Robbins' library for three years, Walter B. Farmer 449, James P. Parmenter 493. Trustee of Robbins' and soldiers' mon-



GEO. H. DOE,
Selectman of Arlington.

ument funds and cemeteries, for three years, George G. Allen 493. Auditors, James R. Mann 467, Alfred T. Marston 457. Tree warden, Warren A. Peirce 475, scattering vote 11. Constables, Garritt Barry 461, Garrett J. Cody 462, John Duffy 462, Alonzo S. Harriman 474, Daniel M. Hawley 463, scattering vote 6. The vote on the license question stood 183 for license to 419 against license. The meeting adjourned to next Monday evening to finish the warrant.

On Wednesday evening, at 11.45, an alarm of fire was sent out from box 54. The fire was in the house of Mrs. Marandy W. Adams, 186 Sylvia street. The fire was in the attic, caused, it is thought, by spontaneous combustion. The fire was confined to the attic. The house was badly damaged by water and smoke. The fire department promptly responded to the call, and did efficient work.

THE LEXINGTON MUDDLE.

Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Taylor Tell
Their Side of the Story—Both are
Confident and Determined to Fight.

John F. Hutchinson, who has been sworn in as selectman of Lexington, declares that he was a regular elected selectman. George W. Taylor contends that he is the rightful claimant to the place. Both men, who are very much in earnest, were seen by a reporter the day after election and spoke their minds freely.

MR. HUTCHINSON SPEAKS.
"I've been sworn in as selectman of Lexington, and I'm going to stay in office till the courts tell me to get out. I'm not a fighter, and I really don't want the office you know, if it is not legally mine. But so far as I can see, it rightfully belongs to me."

"For several reasons Mr. Taylor cannot have been elected. His votes were on sticks, and were that in type too small to conform to the law, and were often pasted over my name, or some other name, which ex-Governor Brackett has declared an illegal procedure. Then again, as pointed out alone I consider enough to throw out his claim. Mr. Taylor made no protest against my name appearing on the ballot as candidate for selectman for one year within the twenty-four hours prescribed by law. His party did protest some days later, when they learned that a protest was necessary, but not in time. My name appeared legally on the official ballot."

"Moreover, the article of the warrant under which I was elected expressly ordered the election of a selectman for a term of one year. Either that article, and hence the whole election, was illegal, or else I am elected properly. The worst the courts can do is to order a new election. And (with a smile) I'm not a bit afraid of that."

"How about the early morning vote of Monday? That was not specially provided for in either article 2 of the warrant or in any other article. Was it legal to vote for a one year term without authority in the warrant?"

"In my opinion, yes," said Mr. Hutchinson, "and my opinion is based on good authority. The town may certainly take action without express statement of the business given in this case by the article authorizing the election of a selectman. That is my opinion. It is up to Mr. Taylor to prove his claim, not up to me to prove mine. I am not worrying much yet. If it becomes necessary, I shall have the best of legal talent to refute him."

Mr. Hutchinson closed the interview with the comforting assurance that he and Mr. Taylor were the best of friends, and "just wished to get at the truth of the matter."

MR. TAYLOR EXPRESSES HIS IDEAS.

With a never-to-be-drowned air, Mr. Taylor declared:

"That was but the first heat Monday. We got more of a vote than we expected out of it, too. We have the law on our side, and will go to court, to the probate court first; and, if necessary, to the higher courts." (It will be remembered that Mr. Sampson's petition to legalize the meeting of Jan. 28, 1901, on which he was given leave to withdraw, was handled by the legislative committee on probate and chancery.)

"What was the result of the vote passed early Monday morning to the same effect as the vote of Jan. 28? Was it not to make legal Mr. Hutchinson's election?"

"No," said Mr. Taylor. "The article of the warrant did not provide for any such vote. The vote was illegal. It was nothing but a confession by the other side of the weakness of their position."

"And about the stickers?"

"You will find the courts will declare my votes legal, though stickers of the wrong size of type were used. They look at the intention of the voter, not at the letter of the law."

ARLINGTON WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Arlington Woman's club held a most interesting session, on Thursday afternoon at its usual place of meeting, in Grand Army hall. An unusually large attendance was present, as Miss Ida Robbins, a resident of Arlington, was to be the speaker. Miss Robbins has but recently returned from a tour around the world. The music of the afternoon was furnished by the choral class, "Ye Spotted Snakes," by Macfarren, and two solos by Miss Jessie Nute, "Indian Love Song," De Koven, and "Over the Valley," Marshall. Miss Robbins discussed "China." Her treatment of the subject took a narrative form, relating her experiences while visiting China. She told of the cities visited by her party: Shanghai, Tien Tsin, Peking, Hong Kong, and Canton. The new portions of these cities were clean and well lighted, the old parts were filthy in the extreme. She spoke of the strange and everywhere prevalent superstitions of the customs and habits of these oriental people. Her impression of the Chinese was that they had great mental and physical endurance, but that they were backward in education allowed of no development. Their government was cruel and selfish and was characterized by an unalterable re- country. Miss Robbins has for exhibition beautiful Chinese embroideries and quilts.

Mrs. Adeline Brainerd Chaffee spoke in Pleasant hall, Tuesday afternoon. This was the fourth in the series of "Artist Monologues," and the subject was "Andrea Del Sarto." The lecture was in charge of the art department of the club. Mrs. G. W. Sears being chairman. Between 75 and 80 members were present, this being the average attendance at the lectures. The lecture was a very interesting one, as all the previous ones have been. Mrs. Chaffee showed a number of pictures to illustrate her talk. Mrs. Chaffee is a favorite at the club. She had charge of the art classes about two years ago, when she was 35 years of age. There will be two more lectures in this course, and they will probably come two weeks apart, though there has been an intermission of three weeks between the last two.

The fourth demonstration in cooking, Tuesday morning, in G. A. R. hall, was fully as successful as the previous ones have been. This department has become very popular. It is the first time that cooking has been numbered among the courses, but it is safe to say that it will not be the last. Mrs. Howard Heustis is chairman of the home department, under whose auspices the demonstration was given. Miss Ewart is the instructor. The menu was for a luncheon party of six, the whole expense to be covered by \$5. The menu was as follows: clam bouillon with whipped cream, savory oysters, crustadees, chicken souffle, creamed mushrooms, Swedish timbal cases, nut salad and maple mousse. Over 60 members of the club were present, and the demonstration was very successful. There are two more in the course. Next week the subject for consideration will be "Cake."

Tickets for the New England conference of Women's clubs, admitting to the opening meeting at Symphony hall, and to the day meetings at Madison, are being distributed among the club on a basis of one to every fifteen members. Clubs desiring more tickets must apply at once. Hence those from one club wishing to attend must send their names to Mrs. F. D. Sawyer, 96 Jason street, on or before Monday, March 11, that our application be on time. If more than the allotted 18 tickets be needed.

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OUT IN FORCE.

A Tangle Over Selectman in
Lexington Produces Ex-
citement.

The Case May Be Carried to the Court
—J. F. Hutchinson, the One Year
Candidate for Selectman, Sworn In
—License Overwhelmingly De-
feated.

Fighting blood has been accredited to the good citizens of Lexington ever since the Revolutionary days when they fought the British red-coats on the village green; and, to judge from the numerous polemic features of Monday's town meeting, the Lexington residents of this later day inherit in full measure the determination of their sires when it comes to taking a stand for a political principle as they see it.

TALKED ALL OVER TOWN.

No topic of conversation among the citizens of the town occupied a more important place than the election of a selectman at Monday's meeting. The whole situation presents a tangle which, as all the wise heads foresaw, can only be settled by an appeal to the courts. Something over a year ago, on Jan. 28,

care thanks for the generous, hearty support and confidence accorded me. You and I have done the town some service. I have been elected to nearly all the important offices in the gift of the town of Lexington, and retire as I entered, when I choose and without undue haste, for by your help I am enabled to prove my ability to hold an office for as long a term as I see fit. No enemies can dislodge me, which fact we have proven on many a field of political battle. So much for the past.

But matters of importance are to come before the town next Monday, to which I invite that careful attention from you that is one of the attributes of good citizenship. We have been besieged by the daily papers, with curious versions of a supposed bitter contest waging in Lexington, in which my name has been used with the utmost abandon and recklessness of statement, wherein our town has been advertised as committing illegal acts, and a majority of its voters have been called by the usual names with which the loser in a political battle has belabored the winner from time immemorial. The matter of "stickers" at the next election, of appeals to the supreme court, and various wild rumors, have been circulated, so that the average voter is at a loss to know what to do.

Gentlemen, have courage. Popular government will be vindicated as usual, and the world will revolve upon its axis as before. Any man can go to the supreme court at any time, and for any reason, however trivial or irrelevant. Let them go there. It may be found that it is one thing to go, and another matter to procure that for which they went. The supreme court does not listen to town gossip, neither does it separate one



G. W. SAMPSON, Retiring Member of Lexington's Board of Selectmen.

1901 the town voted to change from the system of electing three selectmen at the annual meeting for one year to a new system of electing a three-year board, or more definitely speaking of electing, as was done at the annual meeting last March, one selectman for three years, one for two years and one for one year. The trouble into which the town has been thrown all began on Jan. 28 of the present year, when a special meeting was held and it was voted to return to the old one-year instead of the three-year system. At the January meeting some one claimed that the town's action was illegal, because the statute requires that such a change be made at an annual meeting; but the one-year term men cited another statute, by which, in the winter the Australia ballot is used, changes may be made "in the number of terms of office," provided they are made at a meeting held "at least the thirty days preceding the annual meeting at which such changes are to become operative." But the one-year men, evidently a little uneasy, petitioned the legislature to pass an enabling act to cover all objections. The legislative committee which heard the petition last week reported leave to withdraw. This action each party interpreted as favorable to its side. George W. Taylor, the three-year candidate, understood that the legislative committee was advised by Attorney General Knowlton that the action of the special town meeting was illegal, and that to pass an enabling act would be bad precedent; and Mr. Taylor further claimed that if he received but one vote on Monday, he would be selectman legally for three years. John F. Hutchinson, the one-year candidate, took the action of the committee to mean that no legislation was necessary on the question, and as stoutly determined to stay in the fight, as did his opponent, Selectman George W. Sampson, who has worked with his characteristic force for Mr. Hutchinson, retires from the board this year upon the expiration of his term, but it is understood that he will hold his place until the courts have decided upon the conflict that has been precipitated by the conditions as stated.

The matter all hinges upon whether Sect. 351 or Sect. 337 of Chap. 548 of the laws of 1898 applies, and the results on Monday confirm the general anticipation that Lexington must appeal to judicial authority to determine the result of selectman this year.

SIGNS OF THE STORM.

Signs of the approaching storm were unmistakably seen in the circulars issued late last week by Selectman George W. Sampson, the champion of Mr. Hutchinson, and of the return to the one-year system, and by George W. Taylor, the candidate of the party believing in adhering to the three-year system.

Mr. Sampson's manifesto was lengthy enough to contain all he wanted to emphasize upon his party, in view of the election, and he spoke right out as he always does. His circular read as follows:

To my Many Friends and Loyal Supporters of the Past and Present:
Next Monday, March 4, 1901, marks my retirement from public affairs. In doing so, I desire to express to you my sin-

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448 MASS. AVE., Arlington Centre.
Antique and Modern Furniture

Furniture made to order from designs. Antique Furniture reupholstered, repaired and polished. Upholstering and repainting in all branches. Mattresses made to order, purified by steam and made over.

CARPETS STEAM CLEANED

refitted and laid. Having a thorough practical knowledge of the business, I employ only the best skilled workmen and guarantee all work done by me.
Please call and look over our system and facilities for doing good work. Shall be pleased to refer you to our customers in Arlington, Winchester, Belmont, Lexington, Cambridge Boston and elsewhere.

class from another. It neither knows nor cares whether one portion of the community favors a certain procedure or opposes it. What the court sits on are matters of law alone, and your town officers are well satisfied of the right of the town to do as they have done.

Do not fear any loose, general charges. Neither our opponents nor myself interpret the law. Because we are not proclaiming our legal position from the house-tops, do not imagine for one moment that we have none. We do not believe in burning our powder before the battle, but when all the cheap talk is over we will fight to the last ditch.

I would ask every citizen who has supported me in the past to do so in the present instance by voting for John F. Hutchinson for one year. He will be elected for that term, and I predict will serve his term out.

I would ask that under no circumstances should a sticker be used. It will invalidate your ballot and make it inoperative and useless. Don't use stickers. The official ballot is good enough for us. Make a cross (x) to the right of John F. Hutchinson's name in the proper place provided on the ballot.

I trust these suggestions will be received in the spirit in which they are made, and that our former selectman, Mr. Hutchinson, will succeed me next Monday by a rousing vote.

G. W. Sampson.
Mr. Taylor's circular was briefer yet quite as decisive in its tone and clear in its purport as the one copied above. It ran as follows:

Lexington, Mass., March 2, 1901.
To the Voters of the Town of Lexington:
In January, 1900, the town of Lexington voted that its selectmen should be elected for one, two and three years, and thereafter for three years each.

On January 28, 1901, the town at a "special meeting" attempted to change this law. It is now clear that the action

of the town at this "special meeting" was illegal and invalid, consequently the only term for which a selectman can be elected at the annual meeting on March 4, 1901, is for a term of three years.

My nomination paper and acceptance as a candidate for the office of selectman for three years was duly presented to the town clerk, who upon his own responsibility declined to receive them, so that my name does not appear on the official ballot.

I respectfully request all voters who desire to avoid the consequences of an illegal action taken at the "special meeting" of January 28, 1901, to unite in supporting my candidacy by placing the enclosed sticker upon the ballot, covering the name of John F. Hutchinson, and

Whose Election as Selectman, Monday Will Doubtless Be Contested in Court on the Ground of Illegality.

JOHN F. HUTCHINSON.

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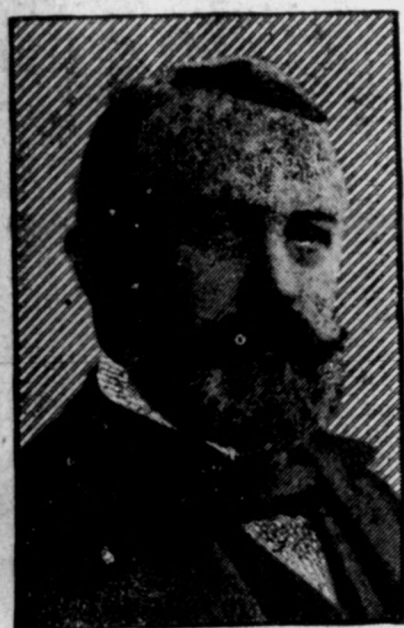
Whose Election as Selectman, Monday Will Doubtless Be Contested in Court on the Ground of Illegality.

(Continued on Page Five.)

EMPERORS ...OF... INDUSTRY

From early struggles to enormous wealth, from the humble earnings of a dollar or two a day to the possession of hundreds of millions, from the insignificant position of clerks or day laborers to those of owners of and wielders of immense fortunes, such are the antitheses that set forth what has been accomplished by a number of men in the United States during the past decade or two.

Holding the most prominent place in the minds and on the tongues of financiers, economists, politicians, business



Photo, copyright, by B. L. H. Dabbs, Pittsburg.
HENRY C. FRICK.

men and others today is the consolidation of the great steel and iron companies into one gigantic monopoly. This consolidation of capital and brains is the greatest in the world's history, and the fortunes of the men who are engineering it are counted by millions and in some cases by hundreds of millions.

Who are these men and where did they get their vast accumulation of the gold that means power? Carnegie, Rockefeller, Frick, Schwab—every one of these magnates started without money and has worked his way to boundless wealth by sheer force of personality, ability and perseverance.

Andrew Carnegie, the steel king, whose fortune is usually estimated at \$200,000,000 and who has announced his intention of giving away \$1,000,000 a month in charity, began life as a factory boy at \$1.20 per week. John D. Rockefeller, whose name conjures up in the American mind visions of uncountable wealth and whose fortune is sometimes guessed at as being about \$300,000,000, at 16 was a clerk in a commission house, earning \$50 per month. His monthly income is now about \$2,500,000. And so all along the line. Most of the holders of the vast fortunes of the present were the poor boys, the sons of poor parents, of the past.

Striking examples of the rise to wealth and power are furnished by the two men whose names are mentioned most frequently in connection with the great steel trust, Henry Clay Frick, the former president of the Carnegie company, and Charles M. Schwab, president just before the consolidation. Mr. Frick is 51 years of age and a native of Pennsylvania. As a lad he attended the district school at West Overton, Pa., and later studied at one or two academies. His first business venture was as a clerk in a general store and his second as bookkeeper in a distillery.

Mr. Frick's early life was spent in the coke regions of Pennsylvania, and

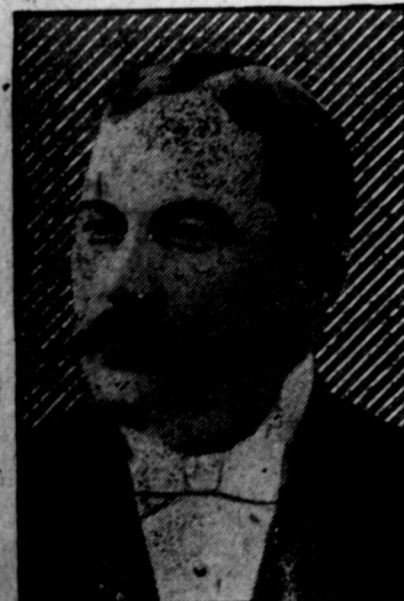


Photo by The Studio, Park City, Utah.
SENATOR THOMAS M. KEARNS.

he early saw the great possibilities of this product. Shortly after attaining his majority he embarked the few dollars he had saved out of his slender salary as bookkeeper in the coke business, and the event justified him, for coke was the foundation of the Frick fortune. The young operator's business expanded, and Mr. Frick became the head of the greatest coke manufacturing concern in the world. Naturally his business branched out, and he entered other lines of manufacture. The business connection of Messrs. Frick and Carnegie began in 1882 and

THREE YOUNG AMERICAN MULTI- MILLIONAIRES WHO BEGAN AS DAY LABORERS

continued for almost 18 years. In 1892, during the great Homestead strike, while Mr. Frick was chairman and general manager of the Carnegie Steel company, he was shot by a former employee.

Mr. Frick is married and has two children. He is a great lover of music and art and has canvases worth fortunes in his home. He is very charitable in a quiet way and has given away hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The successor of Mr. Frick as manager of the great Carnegie steel interests, Charles M. Schwab, has a wonderful life story. Twenty years ago he was driving stakes for \$1 a day. Today his fortune is estimated at about \$40,000,000, and he is only 39 years of age. Mr. Schwab is of remote German descent and a native of Pennsylvania. He was brought up at Loreto, the site of the famous Catholic college, from which young Schwab was graduated at 16. He began his business career as a grocery clerk at \$2.50 a week, but his inclinations soon led him to engineering. In 1880 he entered the service of the Edgar Thomson Steel works at Braddock, Pa., as a stake driver in the engineering corps. His salary was then \$1 a day.

In seven years Schwab had risen to the position of chief engineer of the Edgar Thomson works, had built the great Homestead steel plant and become its superintendent. He early attracted the attention of Andrew Carnegie, a keen judge of men, especially in the steel business. In 1896 Mr. Schwab was elected a member of the board of managers of the Carnegie works, and in 1897 he became president at a salary of \$50,000 a year, with a 3 per cent interest in the works. He is an affable, courteous man, with two ambitions. One is to be the greatest ironmaster in the world, the other to be a great philanthropist.

A good example of the opportunities of American youth is the career of



Photo by Davis & Sanford, New York.
CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Thomas M. Kearns, recently elected senator from Utah. Twelve years ago Tom Kearns was a miner, working with a pick and shovel for \$3.50 a day. Today he is a millionaire "silver king," the foremost mine owner of Utah, a leading railroad director and a United States senator. His fortune is estimated at several millions. Senator Kearns is only about 40 years of age. His boyhood was passed in poverty and hard work, and his education was very meager. He began life as a farm laborer in Nebraska. After a few years he contracted the mining fever and went to the Black Hills to prospect. Fortune did not favor him, and he wandered to Utah. There Kearns was comparatively prosperous, earning \$3.50 a day as a silver miner. He saved his money and in 1889 turned his knowledge of silver mining to good account. In that year Kearns, with a number of others, leased a mine, which panned out rich. Since then everything has been "coming his way."

Numbers of other instances might be cited, but these suffice to set forth the general truth that for an American youth, willing to work hard and devote his attention to business, nothing is impossible. The cry is often raised that fortunes could be made "long ago" which could not be made today. The success of Schwab and Kearns, among others, within the past 20 years proves the contrary.

The New Submarine Boats.

It is expected that the six submarine torpedo boats of the Holland type will be ready for commission by April or May next. It is generally agreed that men who enlist for service in the navy should not be assigned to such dangerous work as that of operating submarine boats without their consent, and the navigation bureau will recommend that special enlistments for these vessels be authorized. It is also recommended that men assigned to submarine boat duty receive additional pay.

THE MEETING OF THE FLIERS

By David H. Talmadge.

Marwin, from San Francisco, stepped from the Pullman to the platform of the small station where the east bound flier had drawn up to await the passing of the flier going west.

Presently the western flier drew up at the station. A young woman was sitting within the netting of the rear platform. Marwin looked at her in bewildered astonishment for a full minute. She flushed to the roots of her hair and her glance fell.

"Good morning, Miss Dartlin."

"Why, Mr. Marwin! Where—where in the world did you drop from?"

"San Francisco," replied Marwin simply. He noted with some interest that the young woman's eyes were full of reproach and that her manner was constrained. "I am on my way to New York."

"And I am going to San Francisco. How strange!"

Marwin climbed over the railing and seated himself upon the platform steps at her feet. It was an impulse characteristic of him, and the young woman smiled as it pleased.

"What have you been doing since that night, hundreds of years ago, when you and I last met?" he asked.

"Nothing worth mentioning, I believe," replied the young woman. "I have laughed a little and wept a great deal. I have been sick and have been restored to something which bears a close resemblance to my normal condition of health, although it is not really the same. I am taking this trip with a definite purpose. The doctor thought it might make me feel better."

"Tell me about your illness."

"Russell," said she, "three years ago you honored me by a proposal of marriage. I deferred my answer for one week. I was not in doubt regarding my own mind, but I had a good reason. And you did not come back for your answer. Why?"

"Why?" Marwin repeated the query as one dazed.

"Yes, why? I had a right to expect something better of you than I received. I waited for you, but you neither came nor sent a word of explanation. There was but one inference to be taken, and I took it. You had changed your mind. I could forgive you for that, but it was cowardly not to let me know. It was cruel. It hurt me, Russell, more than I can tell."

"But your letter?"

"I wrote you no letter."—"Marwin spoke slowly, after the manner of one who has been stunned—"written by you. It contained one line, and that line was, 'Russell, my answer is no; I cannot.' It was delivered to me by your maid. I did not think it necessary to see you after that. I thought you did not wish me to."

The young woman stood up excitedly, then seated herself again. She was laughing, but there was a look of pain upon her face, and her eyes swam with tears.

"I understand it now," she said brokenly: "I see how it happened. My brother was in trouble. He and father had disagreed over the payment of certain debts, and he applied to me for money. I gave it to him, poor boy, until my allowance—and my patience—were exhausted. He had sent an appeal for money on the day you received that letter. I wrote to him, saying that I could not give him more. I put the message in an envelope and told the girl to take it to Mr. Russell. You and he have the same name. The stupid creature took it to you. I never knew."

"Oh, my dear!" Marwin grasped her hand and fondled it.

"After that," she continued hurriedly, "I seemed to lose my strength. I was attacked one night on the street by a man—a huge, coarse brute, who threw his arms about me and stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth. I was not able to utter a cry, so suddenly did he come upon me. I was saved by sheer chance. A gentleman saw the wretch attack me and rushed to the rescue. He did not even take time to call for the police. He was very brave. He was not so large as my assailant, but he grappled him fearlessly and—was stabbed with a knife. I knew nothing after that. I fainted. When I returned to consciousness, I was in an ambulance rumbling toward home. The police knew nothing of a fight, they said, beyond the fact that the pavement was covered with blood. They seemed quite disgusted when they found that I had not been murdered. I told them all I knew, and that ended it so far as they were concerned. But so far as I was concerned—well, it was weeks before the doctor declared the danger of brain fever past."

She looked down into Marwin's upturned face tenderly, and something she saw there impelled her to lean forward and touch his forehead with her lips.

"Marion, dear," said Marwin gently, "I would confess to thee. During those days when you were waiting for me I was following you like a dog. I wanted to be near you. I was near you that night."

"Then it was you who?"

In answer he pulled up his sleeve, disclosing a long red scar.

"It was a small price to pay for the opportunity of fighting for the girl I loved," he said. "I went away after that quite satisfied. I felt that it had been worth while, after all."

There was a sound of escaping air beneath the Pullman, and the train began to move. Marwin stood up and made a movement as if to jump to the ground. Then he turned to the young woman and put his arm about her.

"I think I'll go with you, dear," he said.

They stood thus, the morning sun bathing them in a radiance akin to that which they felt within them as they passed the east bound train. Both were laughing like children.—Philadelphia Press.

The One Sure Way to Win.

But, to refer to success in general, a man must specialize and concentrate, yet look alive and keep in touch with several phases of life. He should not allow his specialty to bury him and blind him to all else. It is often impossible to tell just where the waiting opportunity lies. There may be an element of chance in the matter. This is illustrated by an old Persian saying about a certain pavement that was supposed to have lumps of gold under it. The man who should lift none of the pavement, the saying went, would get none of the gold. He who should lift part of it might, or might not, find gold. But if he should lift all of it, he would obtain the treasure.—Success.

HELVETIA'S NEW CHIEF.

Switzerland's President and the Government Which He Directs.

Our little European sister republic, Switzerland, has a newly elected president. This happens every year, for the term of the head of the Swiss confederacy is short, and re-election is forbidden by law. As Switzerland's president is thus considerably relieved from the necessity of keeping an eye on a second term and as he also has no public offices to give away, since all Swiss offices are elective, he is enabled to devote all his time and attention to the public good.

Ernest Brenner, the new president of Switzerland, is only 44 years old, yet he has gained a reputation as one of the ablest international lawyers of Europe.



Photo by Ruf, Basel, Switzerland.

PRESIDENT ERNEST BRENNER.

President Brenner is a native of the canton of Basel and served several terms as a member of the federal assembly before his election to the executive council in 1898. According to custom, he served last year as vice president.

Although Switzerland is a republic and a good one, its government differs

in many respects from ours and from those of other republics. The country consists of 22 cantons united in a confederacy, each canton having control of its internal affairs. The government of the nation is vested in a federal assembly of two chambers, the state council, consisting of two members from each canton, and the national council, elected on the basis of population. There is one representative for each 20,000 people, and there are now 147 members.

Switzerland has no language of its own, and the debates in the federal assembly are conducted in three languages—German, French and Italian.

The federal assembly in joint session elects a sort of executive council or cabinet of seven members and also chooses two of these seven to be the president and the vice president. It is the invariable custom for the vice president to succeed the president. The Swiss president has very little power, although the duties of the office are considerable and the salary small. He is really only a cabinet officer, since the executive policy is determined by a majority vote of the council, and the president has no more influence than any other of the seven. He is simply the official representative of the government in foreign relations and its head for ceremonial purposes.

INHERITED GENIUS.

Grandniece of Thomas Carlyle Attracting Attention as a Painter.

The tendency of genius to run in a family is well illustrated by Miss Florence Carlyle, grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, the eminent Scotch critic and historian. Miss Carlyle is the granddaughter of a brother of the Sage of Chelsea. Her work with the palette and brush is attracting wide attention.



MISS FLORENCE CARLYLE.

an exhibition of her paintings having recently been held in Philadelphia at the Plastic club.

Miss Carlyle is a Canadian and an associate member of the Royal Canadian academy. She has studied art in France and England, and her work reflects the influence of various schools. In spite of minor faults it shows adequate training, sound methods and a faithful attempt both to express and interpret. Among her best works are a series of Cape Cod sketches and several carefully executed paintings of child life.

Ghosts of Balaklava

"You may talk about your orthodox ghosts who haunt ancient castles, wailing and groaning and carrying flaming lights from window to window for apparently no earthly, or, rather, unearthly, purpose save that of terrifying out of its wits some poor hind bearing home a bewildered brain after staying out too long, but for something that has forever baffled me and made me often wonder whether I was dreaming or awake commend me to what I saw, or thought I saw, the night before Balaklava, Oct. 25, 1854."

The subject of conversation had drifted from the battlefields of yesterday, in Abyssinia and Zululand, to those of 30 years before, when the tall, heavy forms before us of my father and his old comrades in arms, Sir Langley Fetherstone and Colonel Elmhurst, were as light as my own, Aubrey's or Bob Fetherstone's that night as we sat around listening to the stories of the hot days when our fathers were men as young as we.

"Hand me my memory, Aubrey," said my father, pointing to a huge cavalry saber that hung over the mantelpiece. My father drew the sword from its scabbard and lovingly surveyed the glittering blade.

"Old 'never failed me!'" he said. "Do you see that dent in its edge, Lang? Got that crossing the Alma off the helmet of a Russian cuirassier. I sent the blow through steel and skull together. There is another. Got that the 25th of October from the commander of the Cossacks that charged the left flank of the 'heavies.' He struck me; I parried; there is the mark."

"And then?" said Sir Langley.

"I swept it around and caught him across the throat," answered my father abstractedly. "I saw his body afterward, when it was turned over to his relatives, for he was a noble—a grand duke, I believe. And here is another—but there! If I once got started telling anecdotes of every experience that old blade went through in my hands, I would stay talking until morning. Put it up again, Vic."

"It was the night before the never to be forgotten 25th of October. We were close to the Russian lines, our pickets being almost within hailing distance of the enemy."

"I was riding out to inspect the sentries stationed along the Grodno road. It was a wet, cold night, and I clasped my greatcoat close about me and spurred my charger along the muddy road."

"As I reached the side of the valley I drew him in quickly as I heard a distant rumble, like the moving of some parks of heavy ordnance at the extreme end. I listened. All was still again."

"I rode on. I arrived at the station of the sentry, and as I did so some smart firing broke out toward the rear. Our pickets were evidently being driven in, and I sent the sentry back to hasten up the supports. He never returned."

"I staid, cursing my delay, for over half an hour. When I again heard the same rumbling noise, I looked up the valley. All was dark, but the rumble seemed to be advancing at a terrific pace. As it was coming from our lines, I thought it might be a night attack."

"A white streak appeared 200 feet away; the noise crashed upon me with full force, and in an instant I saw the charging ranks and the wild, eager forms of the soldiers seated on their foaming, galloping steeds."

"Forms, did I say? Yes, forms only; forms pale and shadowy; horse and man alike woven, as it were, out of the mist."

"I saw the form of Louis Nolan. He was sitting half round in his saddle, his sword hanging from his wrist, his forage cap in his hand, which he was waving exultingly."

"There rode Major Halket, his proud, handsome face set firmly and unflinchingly, his sword clinched in his hand, as it was found next day when they raised his body from the blood soaked soil. Then came Lord Fitzgibbon."

"As the last line of charging horse passed from my sight I saw a shadowy lieutenant of the guards beside me. He pointed in the direction whither they had gone; a scornful smile was on his spectral face. His hollow voice echoed tauntingly in my ear:

"So Major Hurst of the First Royals prefers discretion to valor because he belongs to the heavy and not to the light brigade?"

"I aimed a blow at my traducer, but my hand only struck into the empty air. He laughed a mocking laugh and, again pointing down the valley, said, 'Go!'"

"I will show you that at least one of the 'heavies' can do as well as the men of the light brigade!" I cried, jumping into the saddle and galloping off after the vanished cavalry. I galloped on and on in the dark until I saw again the white streak approaching me in a contrary direction and the rumbling echoing in the rear."

"A second, and it burst upon my sight. But what a change—horses riderless, terrified, wounded, maddened, with excitement! Not a single form of a soldier passed."

"Then I saw another white streak approaching. The fur caps, the long riding coats, the leggings, the long lances and, above all, the superb horsemanship displayed, told me that they were the Cossacks of the czar. But their faces were rigid as the dead."

"I saw one of the silent host bearing full upon me, his lance in rest, his cold, dead eyes holding me transfixed so that I could not move a limb."

"A moment more, and a pang shot through my heart. Then all seemed dark, save for an occasional star shooting by. I struggled to place my hands over my eyes, and as I did so I heard a voice above me say:

"He's coming to. My, but it was a close call."

"I opened my eyes. I was lying swathed in blankets in the tents of one of the boys of the Ninety-third."

"I recognized Heathcote, poor Heathcote, who was afterward killed at Delhi just after his being gazetted as colonel!"

"Why, old man," he said joyfully, "you were near saving the Russians a job! I found you lying, stiff and stark, near the Grodno road as our boys came along to help the Twenty-sixth drive back the attack on the outposts. We brought you here and have had a big job getting you round. It's a wonder you are not minus toes and fingers, but there's only the tip of your ear frozen."—Exchange.

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THE NEXT PREMIER.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE PROBABLE
SUCCESSOR OF LORD SALISBURY.

A Tall, Awkward, Stupid Looking Man, Who Has Much Common Sense and Many Virtues—He is a Trusted Friend of the New King.

Worn out by the burdens and responsibilities of state, borne for many years, and by grief for his lost dearly beloved consort, the Marquis of Salisbury, the English prime minister and real head of the government of the British empire, is about to retire. Lord Salisbury is 71 years of age and has served his country for almost half a century. He deserves well of Britain and will bear with him to his country homes the good wishes of all save the most hide-bound partisans.

Speculations as to Lord Salisbury's successor in what is possibly the most important administrative office on earth point all one way. About the only man who is mentioned for the office is the Duke of Devonshire, at present lord president of the council and a statesman of long and tried experience. His grace of Devonshire is the leader of the Liberal Unionist party, but he has strong leanings toward conservatism, so that even Tories would feel little hesitation in serving under him. He is looked upon by the English people at large as a safe leader.

King Edward and the Duke of Devonshire have long been on terms of the greatest intimacy, his grace enjoying the friendship of his majesty to a much greater extent than does the Marquis of Salisbury. The friendship of the king and the duke is well shown by the fact that the latter is to take charge of his majesty's race horses during the coming season. The duke himself is fond of racing and owns a good string of horses.

Personally the Duke of Devonshire is tall and awkward of figure and wears a heavy beard now grown entirely gray. He is 67 years old and has been in public life since 1857. He was advanced steadily to the highest



Photo by London Stereoscopic company.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

positions not by reason of his brilliancy, for he has none, but by solid ability, conscientiousness and method, backed by the prestige of enormous wealth and great family connections.

The Duke of Devonshire is the head of the historic house of Cavendish, one of the most famous in English history. His ancestral acres in England number about 190,000, and he owns seven magnificent houses. He succeeded to his title in 1891, having previously been known by the courtesy title of Marquis of Hartington.

Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire, is the most beautiful country seat in England. It is estimated that 84,000 people annually go to see Chatsworth, and they are well repaid. In all probability there is no building in England, except possibly Windsor castle, that contains such a priceless collection of works of art of every description. Paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Holbein, Vandyke and others of equal fame abound, while the sculpture gallery contains the best works of ancient and modern artists. The grounds around Chatsworth are unexcelled for beauty.

Although Devonshire is frequently called on to deliver speeches, he is one of the poorest speakers in England. One of the anecdotes about his speech-making has become classic. The story is told of him that as he was taking a great lady in to dinner one night after he had made a heavy speech in the house of lords she reproached him with the report that he had been observed to yawn several times during the course of his own address. She asked him how he could have been bored by himself. "Ah, my dear friend," said the duke, "you didn't hear the speech!"

It would be wrong, however, to say that his grace lacks ability, for he is the very personification of good, sound common sense. In spite of his great wealth he dresses and lives plainly, and the simplest chamber in each of his splendid residences is his. The Duchess of Devonshire was the widowed Duchess of Manchester when they were married in 1892. Patience, one of the leading characteristics of the duke, is exemplified by the fact that he is said to have been in love with her for 30 years before their marriage. She is one of Great Britain's leading society women.

A Tough Cure.

A South American doctor advises patients who have been so unfortunate as to have been stricken with leprosy to try the bite of a rattlesnake as a curative principle. Naturally the unfortunate look upon the remedy as much worse than the disease.

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

The theatrical manager looked at the applicant. The applicant did not return the glance.

"Well, look here. I'll give you a chance, but mind, I'll only give you one. I can give you a turn tomorrow night. I've a chance vacancy. You can sing that song you just sang to me and one other. If you catch on, well—we'll see. I'll give you your chance."

The applicant tried to say something, but failed because he choked instead. Then he bowed himself out.

His turn was the first on the programme.

When the great curtain rolled up and he walked nervously forward to the footlights, the audience was not prepossessed in his favor.

His face was crimson with heat and terror, his hair hung damply about his forehead, his clothes and he did not look as if they had any connection with one another.

The orchestra had finished the introduction to the song. There was a pause. The conductor glanced at the singer.

The singer's eyes were fixed on the brilliantly lighted house, the rows of faces, and only three words beat unceasingly on his brain. "My one chance, my one chance!"

The conductor brought his baton sharply down upon his desk. The orchestra played the opening bars once more, and the singer suddenly began to sing. He was shaking from head to foot, and his voice shook also. It shook so much that he stopped dead in the middle of the first verse. A sense of unutterable failure and despair swept over him.

He had had his chance and failed. The manager, in the wings, swore under his breath and vowed that never again would he soften his heart to any applicant.

The audience began to fidget impatiently as the second verse began—haltingly, miserably.

The singer's really fine voice had not a chance of making its mark because of the poor man's nervous wretchedness.

No wonder that the audience fidgeted.

No wonder that the livelier souls in the gallery prepared a series of cheerful and discouraging remarks to greet the conclusion of the song or that a little buzz of conversation was audible throughout the house.

Nobody knew—how should they—that this was the singer's only chance; that he had paid his very last dime for a cup of coffee and pancakes in the afternoon and was failing with hunger now; that if he was a failure tonight he would have no roof over his head tomorrow.

The song was done.

The singer lifted his miserable eyes for a second and then dropped them hopelessly toward the boards at his feet.

It was over! His chance had come—and gone!

And then a strange thing happened.

The theater going public is a curious and elusive quantity. You never know, so to speak, when it is with you.

But it possesses one unfailing quality.

It is so sorry for the losing side that as often as not it will applaud the loser simply because he has lost. There is something tender, kindly and generous about the theater going public, with all its faults.

And now, looking down at the failure on the stage, the gallery forgot the rude remarks it had proposed making; the parrot no longer recollected those hisses it had dreamed of. It escaped the memory of the rest of the house that it had not intended to bestow any clapping upon the sorry performance. Suddenly a great outburst of spontaneous applause broke out in every corner of the building, and the singer lifted his miserable eyes in mute amazement. A man in the gallery expressed the feelings that prompted the applause as he whispered to his neighbor.

"Poor fellow," he said, "feels a bit nervous, don't you know. Ain't had much dinner, you may bet your bottom dollar. Feels nervous-like, a-singin here for the first time. Let's cheer up the poor wretch!"

The singer was wonderfully, amazingly cheered by that strange, unexpected burst of applause. It took him off his feet. It put new life into him; it gave him new heart. A brightness came into his despairing eyes as he marched off to get his second song.

The manager whistled softly under his breath. He was so surprised that he forgot to swear. He whistled a little louder when the singer began to sing again. Encouragement had put the singer on his mettle.

With the applause still ringing in his ears, with kindly fresh applause to greet him as he returned to face the house again, he started his second song. He forgot to be nervous—forgot everything but that he must sing his best for those people who had been good to him.

And he sang as he had hardly realized, even to himself, that he had it in him to sing.

"Why, he's a singer, he is!" said the man in the gallery. "He has a voice, after all. Poor fellow was so nervous the first time he didn't know what he was a-doing. Glad I gave him a clap!"

It was genuine applause the second time—frantic, eager applause which brought the singer back and back again to bow his thanks to the excited, shouting people. And the manager clapped him on the back, saying, "You'll do!"

Well, well! The singer is a great man today. He does not have to hire his dress clothes, nor go hungry to his engagements, and his feet are nearer the top of the ladder than the bottom.

But he has never forgotten, never will forget, the people who cheered him on upon that most awful evening of his life. He carries with him always a grateful memory of the audience which, with generous kindness, was ready—and more than ready—to give him "his chance."—New York Weekly.

A Paris Duel.

A story told in the European press illustrates the absurdities of the French duel. Two men in Paris arranged to fight a duel at Calais. They were highly pleased—at least one of them was—at the prospect, for it meant public proclamation of their bravery at the cost of only a scratch or two and, what was more serious, a few coppers for coffee. But one of the duellists, as it turned out, really wanted to kill and be killed, for he had made up his mind to commit suicide. On learning this the other man fainted and had to be carried off to bed. This seemed to be a great disappointment to the one with suicidal intentions, and after vainly trying to pick a quarrel with his second he went and drowned himself.

WEDS AN AH FONG.

Lieutenant Doherty's Bride a Famous Honolulu Beauty.

The news from Honolulu that another of the Ah Fong girls is marrying an American officer has revived interest in this famous family. The bride is Miss Martha Ah Fong, and the lucky man is Lieutenant Doherty of the Thirty-seventh United States infantry. Their romance began during the Spanish war, when Doherty's regiment stopped over at Hawaii en route to Manila.

The outside world first heard about the Ah Fongs when Captain Whiting of the United States navy married Miss Henrietta Ah Fong more than six years ago. Another daughter married Dr. Hutchin-



MISS MARTHA AH FONG.

son, an English dentist. They started on a tour around the world, and Ah Fong went with them. Marie Ah Fong married a young attorney, Humphries, soon after he came to the islands. Another of the girls became the wife of J. Alfred Morgan, an auctioneer, who had settled in Honolulu, while the eldest daughter married Mr. McStocker, a dry goods merchant.

All the girls are petite and vivacious. The tallest of them is Mrs. Arthur M. Johnstone, formerly Miss Alice Ah Fong. Her husband was a reporter in St. Louis who went to Honolulu as representative of the Associated Press.

The story of the rise of the Ah Fong family is one of the romances of the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Ah Fong came to Honolulu in search of a fortune before the Hawaiian Islands were so closely linked with the United States. He did not belong to the nobility of China, but to the merchant class. He first opened a small importing house and dealt in all sorts of Chinese goods. In his quiet way he was what is commonly known as a "hustler," and he soon enlarged his business and went into the opium trade. He began to be quoted as one of the rich men of Honolulu. He next bought a sugar plantation or two.

Meanwhile he wooed and won a beauty of exceedingly mixed ancestry. The father of Mrs. Ah Fong was a Portuguese, while the Hawaiian predominated in her mother's blood, although it was said that there had been dilution with English blood a generation or two before. Whatever might be said of her parentage, there was no doubt that Mrs. Ah Fong was a lovely woman in a languid, tropical style of beauty.

In time the Ah Fong family numbered 17—the parents, two boys and 13 girls. People who visited Honolulu 10 and 15 years ago say that it was a memorable sight to see bowling along any of the lava made roads in Honolulu Papa Ah Fong, with his white duck suit and his long cue dangling down his back, driving the horses that drew his complete family circle. The girls always dressed in elaborate gowns of maroon, magenta and scarlet reds, and the wagon load of childish feminine loveliness of every hue in the rainbow made a charming spectacle.

CARRIE NATION DOLLS.

Quaint Emblems of the Joint Raider Hawked on Chicago Streets.

Some ingenious Chicagoan has invented a toy which is selling like hot cakes on the streets of the Windy City. It is a doll meant to represent Mrs. Carrie Nation and is made out of cheap white and red cloth sewed with red and blue



THE CARRIE NATION DOLL.

threads and stuffed with cotton to make it substantial. An outer garment is red, and the dress is white. To each doll is attached a miniature hatchet.

The dolls are dubbed "Mrs. Carrie Nation as She Appeared in Chicago," and they have made a big hit. Few Chicago homes are now without this queer little caricature of the famous joint raider of Kansas.

SUCCEEDS SHAFTER.

Our New Major General Has Seen Hard Service in Several Wars.

Major General Samuel Baldwin Marks Young is his full name and title, and he bears them well, for he is one of the most distinguished and gallant officers of the United States army. General Young has been appointed major general, and he has been chosen to succeed General Shafter in command of the department of California, with headquarters at the Presidio, San Francisco.

General Young is one of the officers of our army who have worked their way up from the ranks. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth and enlisted in the civil war as a private. By conspicuous



Photo by Hall, Augusta, Ga.

GENERAL SAMUEL B. M. YOUNG.

gallantry he soon gained promotion, no fewer than four brevets being given to him. He was mustered out in 1865 as a brevet brigadier general and re-enlisted in the regular army as a second lieutenant in 1866.

For more than 20 years General Young served on the western frontiers, winning golden opinions for his work against the Indians. He was and is acknowledged as probably the best cavalry officer of any grade in our army and is also ranked very high as a drillmaster and tactician. In June, 1897, he regained his colonel's eagles and when the Spanish war broke out became brigadier general of volunteers.

General Young's services against the Spaniards at Las Guasimas and elsewhere are well known. His absolute coolness in the face of danger was strikingly illustrated at San Juan, where his two orderlies were shot down near him. Naturally he is idolized by the men under his command. Since the Spanish-American war General Young has seen service in the Philippines.

During the civil war General Young was wounded four times. On July 24, 1864, at the battle of Kernstown, Va., more generally known as the battle of Winchester, he commanded the dismounted cavalry, and while gallantly trying to stop a charge his arm was shattered by a gunshot, and he very narrowly escaped capture.

Personally General Young is a man of splendid physique. He is 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 240 pounds. Although he is now 61 years of age and will retire in three years, his healthy appearance and genial temperament make him appear much younger. Remarkable executive ability, indefatigable energy and accurate judgment are General Young's leading characteristics.

A NORTHERN TUSKEGEE.

New Association Hopes to Emulate Booker Washington's Institute.

Stimulated by the success of Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee institute, the Rev. F. W. Fishburn and his associates, under the title of the Afro-American Equitable association, are to found a similar establishment exclusively for negroes in the north. The

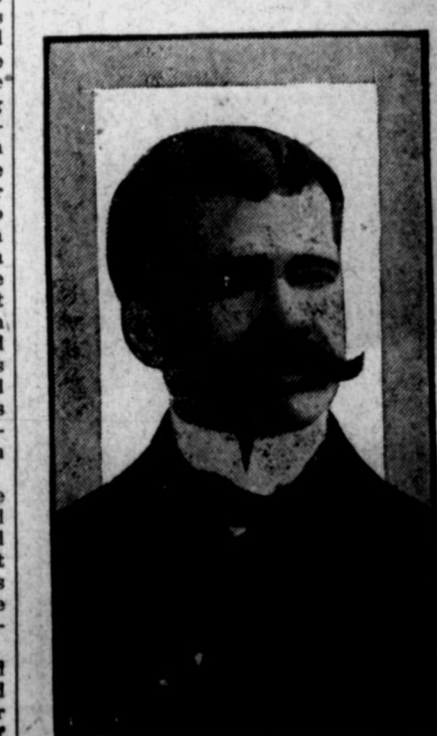


Photo by Richter, Burlington, N. J.

REV. F. W. FISHBURN.

association has bought some 1,400 acres of land near Cape May, N. J., and expects to begin work soon.

The plan contemplates the construction of an industrial school and a manufacturing plant. Farms will be allotted to colonists, and only negroes will be allowed to do any work. It is understood that colored folk from the vicinity of Cape May as well as from Virginia and North Carolina will enter the association.

THE ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

Issued every Saturday morning from the Post Office Building, Arlington.

\$1.00 a year, in advance; Single copies, 3c. Advertising Rates on Application.

THE ENTERPRISE COMPANY, Publishers.

J. LEE ROBINSON, Manager. WILSON PALMER, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Saturday, March 9, 1901.

THE NEW ENTERPRISE.

The old Enterprise is a thing of the past; a "new" Enterprise has come forth. True to its name the Enterprise today starts upon an era of progress. There can be no progress without enterprise and surely enterprise means progress. The enlargement of the paper is the first and foremost move in this direction and will attract attention at once. An improved typographical appearance will be observed also, if we are not mistaken. Illustrations are an indispensable part of modern journalism, and the Enterprise today gives some evidence of its policy in that direction. The other improvements we have in mind will come gradually.

We ask for a continuation of the financial support of the people of this vicinity, through subscriptions and advertising, but only so far as our own merit shall deserve it. It will be our aim to give the people their full money's worth.

We invite our friends to send us in items of news, suggestions as to how we can make the paper interesting and acceptable, and to discuss in our columns affairs of public interest. Our columns are open to everybody.

Mr. Wilson Palmer, of Arlington, who has been so closely identified with the paper since its beginning, and who has done such faithful work for it, will continue as editorial writer. The office of the Enterprise will continue in the post-office building, and a job printing department will be conducted in connection with the newspaper.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

For the next two months—that is, until May 11, 1901—the publishers of the Enterprise will receive subscriptions at

50 Cents Per Year.

No subscriptions will be received for a shorter period. We do not mean to permanently reduce the subscription price to 50 cents, but make this as only a temporary offer. After May 11 the price will be restored to \$1.00 per year. We make this reduced offer in hopes of securing during the next two months in Arlington, Washington and Belmont, 1000 additional regular subscribers. Any newsdealer is authorized to take subscriptions at the reduced rate, or the money can be sent directly to our office. Canvassers will also go over the district soliciting subscribers, as there will doubtless be many who will not hear of our offer in any other way. Such canvassers will bear proper credentials, signed by Mr. J. Lee Robinson, the manager of the Enterprise company, and the public is warned not to pay money except to such as hold these credentials.

Old subscribers have the same privilege as new ones. By paying up all arrears, at any time before May 11, the paper will be sent to them another year at the 50 cent rate. Thus our offer is fair to old and new alike. Seldom is such an offer made to the subscribers of a local paper.

NO LICENSE VOTE.

The increased majority of the no-license vote on Monday over that of last year speaks a good word for Arlington. The town has prohibited the sale of spirituous liquors for several years, so that it now speaks with authority on the no-license question. Our business men have no complaints to make of any decrease in trade under the prohibitory management of the town. On the other hand they very generally claim an increase of patronage, and this, too, on a truthful basis. Arlington is one of the most desirable places of residence in near neighborhood to Boston, and the town is bound to have her remain so. Arlington is very sure to maintain her character as a temperance town for an indefinite future.

A FALSE CLAIM.

That man puts in a false claim who pretends to be independent of others in his business life. We are all dependent each upon the other, and this fact is an element of strength to the world at large. The man who attempts to play a lone hand in his department of life is bound to get crushed nine times out of ten. No one man holds all the bowers and the joker. He must rely upon others for a part of the tricks to be won. When we hear one egotistically boasting of his independence, we are compelled to believe that he not only holds a mighty poor hand in the game of life, but that he is profoundly ignorant, as well, how to play his hand to the best advantage. But then, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," so the independent fellow is likely to keep on his way, thinking that he alone is the "alpha and omega, the beginning and the end."

LITTLE LIKING.

We have little liking for that man who is always predicting the failure of every other man who is in the same kind of business with himself. The world is surely large enough for all of us, so there is no earthly reason why we should go round stepping on each other's toes. Why not be generous and so live and let live? No one man owns the earth, and the sooner he learns this fact and accepts it, the better will it be for him.

We are all likely to get the stuffing knocked out of us occasionally, if we assume that we know it all, and are running things according to our own notion. Just be a bit sensible and recognize the supreme truth that there are others in the world aside from ourselves. Don't predict failure of your neighbors, but turn to and help him to succeed. For such action you will sleep all the better of a night, and your digestion will be greatly improved. Just try it, you man who simply hates to have anyone succeed aside from yourself.

JUST BE PATIENT.

Just be a little patient for the spring and the warmer months are surely coming; it is only a day or two ago that we heard that sweet songster, the blue bird, giving out its notes of prophecy telling of the more kindly days so near at hand. And then the Arlington gardeners, who are never idle, are now especially bestirring themselves in making ready for the early harvests of the summer time. While there is much of the winter season which we enjoy, still the coming of the spring time is always a delight to us. The resurrected life of the year is nothing other than a new creation. No greater miracle was ever wrought than the putting forth of bud and flower. The June days in this latitude are a triumphant song of victory over the cold and death of the winter time; and nowhere are the summer months more glorified in all nature than right here in Arlington. Just direct your morning walk to the tip-top of Arlington Heights on some genial day of the later springtime, and behold for yourself that extended and varied landscape scenery. Or take your way around Spy pond and behold its exquisite surroundings, while at the same time you see the charm of the heavens reflected from its silvery waters; or be-take yourself down Pleasant street, a thoroughfare nowhere surpassed in all that is unique and attractive. Arlington, always delightful and picturesque, is especially so during the summer days. Yes, just be a bit patient, for this goodly town of ours will soon be gowned in all the exquisite draperies of the year.

OUR TOWN OFFICIALS.

Our town officials who are continued for the most part year after year in their several positions are worthy of the confidence of their constituents. Arlington has never shown herself ambitious to be rid of a faithful public servant; so it is that her annual town meeting is usually without that noisy demonstration made when a hard-fought battle is to be won or lost. Arlington wisely and practically believes in the civil service tenure of office. The town has been for many years and is now fortunate in her official rule. It is our purpose to write up somewhat in detail for near issues of the Enterprise brief personal sketches of our town officials. In this issue we have a word to say of our board of selectmen, of which E. S. Farmer is chairman. Mr. Farmer, who received his third re-election to the board of "town fathers," is an Arlingtonian by birth and education, being a graduate of our public schools. A man of excellent business judgment, he has invariably succeeded in whatever he has undertaken. As chairman of the board of selectmen, he has proven himself a leading factor in shaping and closely watching every interest of the town. Walter Crosby, who is now on his second term on the board, has lived for the greater part of his life in Arlington. He was educated in her schools, and is now an efficient member of the school committee. For twelve years Mr. Crosby was a member of the board of registrars. In his office as selectman he gives the town the same intelligent care that he gives his own private affairs. George H. Doe is a "down-easter," his native place being Parsonsfield, Maine. He was for some years a resident of Wilton, N. H., where he served the town for two terms in the state legislature, and for several years he was one of Wilton's selectmen. For the past twelve years his home has been here in Arlington. Mr. Doe has been a member of the board of assessors since 1890, and he is now on his second term as a member of the board of selectmen. Every member of our town board of selectmen is right abreast with the times in all business that pertains to our local interests. They have served and are serving the town most acceptably, and Arlington is wise in continuing them in office. It is with commendable pride that we refer our readers to their portraits to be seen in this issue. We say with commendable pride, for they are a fine looking trio.

THOSE TWELVE WOMEN.

We have not a little admiration for those twelve Arlington women who took the time from their home duties on Monday to vote for the three members of the school board to be re-elected. This is just as it should be, for no one can be more interested in the care and education of the children than is the mother. It is a fortunate arrangement that Arlington has upon her school board three women. There is every reason that our school boards throughout both country and city should have for their membership a majority of womankind, so long as the great majority of the teachers in our public schools are women. In the first place, the average woman has more time to give the schools than has the average business man, and then beside, and more important than all else, she can consult with and advise teachers of her sex upon points that are vital to the welfare of both teacher and pupil, where the male member of the board cannot consult and advise. The schools here in Arlington are in excellent condition, and our school board well represents both sides of the house, so we may rightfully expect the best results in the educational training of the children. Our public schools are the poor man's college. In them the rich and the poor meet together. Here "no divinity hedges a king, and no accident of rank or fortune ennobles a dunce or shields a knave." The free public school is peculiarly an American institution. It has about it all the elements of a democracy. Its birth dates from the earliest history of our country. Massachusetts was among the foremost of all the states to make liberal provision for the free education of her children. And then came that distinguished son of Massachusetts, Horace Mann, whose whole life was so devoted to the cause of popular education, and who did so much for the common schools of his native state. Our public schools are the pride and glory of our free, republican institutions. Let us here in Arlington have now and always a jealous care of them. Supt. Sutcliffe is faithfully and intelligently performing his supervisory duties, and he is giving eminent satisfaction to the patrons of our schools. Let us be sure that in every instance he receives the cordial support of every member of the school board, and of every father and mother and taxpayer in Arlington; and may the example of the twelve women of our town who voted in behalf of our school interests on Monday be followed in an objective way by every woman in Arlington. Our public schools are all right—let us see that we keep them so.

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POSTMASTER HOITT IN WASHINGTON.

Mr. A. D. Hoitt, superintendent of the Arlington Postoffice, was in Washington several days the past week to witness the inaugural ceremonies, and incidentally to renew his acquaintance with the chief official of the postoffice department. He had talks with Postmaster General Smith and the chiefs of the salary and allowance and free delivery divisions. Mr. Hoitt put in a good word informally for the Arlington carrier who will probably be allotted to Arlington at the beginning of the new fiscal year, July 1.

A NEW PIANO.

On next Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the new piano purchased by and for the Crosby school will be presented to the school committee. Miss Marion Hill, a pupil in the school, will make the presentation address. On behalf of the committee and the district, Mr. Walter Crosby, member of the school board, will make an address, accepting the elegant gift. Supt. Sutcliffe and the school board, with parents and friends of the school, will be present. The address will be made on the occasion. There will be singing with piano accompaniment. There is an interesting story that should be told at length in securing this valuable addition to the Crosby school. Mr. W. W. Rawson, who has always taken a vital interest in all educational matters of the town, suggested to the Crosby pupils sometime ago that if they would solicit subscriptions for a piano for their school he would give them financial aid, and so at it they went. Marion Hill, Esther Wyman, Dorothy Wyman, Alice Howe and Mary Perkins, pupils in the Crosby school, started out in earnest to solicit money for the instrument. They thoroughly canvassed the district, presenting their cause in an effective way, and in four weeks raised a sufficient amount to buy the four hundred dollar piano which is now in the principal's room. The frame of the piano is of golden oak, and it has all the modern attachments. The five girls already named deserve much credit for their patient and successful work. Miss Scanlan, the principal of the school, is to be congratulated on having such enterprising and up-to-date pupils.

MINISTERS MEET.

A ministers' meeting was held at the rooms of Rev. Mr. Gill, on Wednesday afternoon. There were present the Revs. Dr. Watson, Bushnell, Flister, Yeames, Taylor, Lorimer and Gill. Father Mulcahy, who was invited, was absent by reason of a severe cold. The object of these meetings is to beget a fraternal feeling among the several churches of Arlington and to discuss from time to time matters of religious interest. The meeting on Wednesday was the first of a series.

WOMEN'S MISSION CIRCLE.

Mrs. Geo. Y. Wellington entertained the Women's Mission circle of the Baptist church on Wednesday afternoon, at Pleasant hall. There was a large company present, and the social and literary features of the occasion were exceptionally pleasant. Mrs. Dr. J. W. McWhinnie, of Cambridge, gave a very interesting address upon "Alaska, Its People and Their Missions." One of the interesting parts of her statement was a sympathetic description of Roman Catholic missions, showing how earnest and heroic that church has been in endeavoring to evangelize the people. She also described the work of other denominations, including, of course, that of the Baptists, under the auspices of their Home Mission society. The address was beautifully illustrated with the stereopticon by Mr. Warren Freeman, who showed to his listeners the father's friends present that he had inherited the artistic sense and mechanical deftness they so well remember in their old friend and co-worker, Miss Edith Frost, pupil of Miss Carrie A. Brackett, rendered solos with marked acceptability, showing a strength, smoothness and interpretive appreciation that delighted her friends and reflected much credit upon her teacher. Refreshments were served and nearly forty dollars in free-will offerings were gathered for the support of an Alaskan girl, whose care the circle assumed several years since, in the Baptist orphanage there. The entire affair was most successful and gratifying to hosts and hostess.

William Driscoll, aged 14, living at the corner of Harvey and Cedar streets, North Cambridge, fell from a run at Hilly's ice houses, Sunday afternoon. He was badly shaken up and sustained a severe cut over the eye. He was taken to the police station and attended by a physician, after which he was sent to his home.

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ARLINGTON.

Arlington Heights.

The next meeting of the Hillside Literary union will be at 8.15 p.m., Wednesday, March 13, at the home of Miss Ethel Tewksbury, corner of Claremont avenue and Appleton street. Subject, "Composers and Their Music," with selections.

The Rev. Mr. J. G. Taylor, pastor of the Park Avenue Congregational church, will preach on Sunday morning on the "New Earth."

The Park Avenue Congregational Sunday school, under the superintendency of Miss Edith Mann is the interest. The pastor, Mr. Taylor, is at present giving the Sunday school five minute talks on the history of the Hebrew nation, as a disclosure of the divine purpose for the race.

Miss Dora Dewley has returned home from her visit with friends in Bangor, Me.

The Congregational church and society held a sociable on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Parsons.

The Congregational and Baptist churches united on Sunday evening in the interest of the no-license meeting. There was an unusually large attendance. There was special music by the Park Avenue church choir. The Rev. Mr. Taylor made a stirring address on "The Danger Signal," while the Rev. Mr. Lorimer, of the Baptist church, spoke of the earnestness of the interest that should be taken by all parties alike in the no-license question.

Rev. Mr. Taylor is giving, on Friday evenings of each week, familiar Lenten talks to his congregation on "God's Message for Us through Some Old Testament Worthies."

Miss Whitney and Miss Creely have contracted for a residence on Park avenue, not far from the stand pipe.

The Sunshine club met on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. C. G. Brockway, on Ashland street. There were six tables of whist. Mrs. Thomas A. Jernegan won the first ladies prize, and Mrs. C. T. Parsons won the second ladies prize. Arrangements are being made for a rally meeting in the Park Avenue church vestry, Boston, of the International Sunshine workers. This meeting will be held some next week. The president of the Massachusetts branch, Mrs. Smith, and the president general of the International club, Mrs. Cynthia Weston Alden, will both be present. Mrs. Smith is the manager of the affair, and Mrs. Alden will be the guest of honor. The Arlington Heights Sunshine club will attend in full numbers.

Mr. C. T. Parsons has so far recovered from his ugly attack of grip, that he is now daily to be found at his business in Boston.

The Highland Duplicate whist club was entertained on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Partridge at their home on Claremont avenue. There were four tables of whist. The following were present and took part in the game: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gorham, Mrs. Alexander Livingstone, Mr. E. P. White, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Byram, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Haskell, the Misses Alice and Susie Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Downing and Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Partridge. The prizes were awarded as follows: "First ladies' prize," won by Mrs. Henry Gorham, a rose bowl; second ladies' prize, won by Miss Alice Haskell, a china vase; first gentlemen's prize was won by Mr. E. P. White, a cracker jar; second gentlemen's prize, nut cracker and nut pick, won by Edmund Byram. Supper was served, consisting of chicken salad, hot rolls, ice cream, coffee and cocoa. Delicious fruit punch was for all at any and all times during the evening. The club adjourned to meet on Wednesday evening, March 20, with Mrs. Kendall, on Claremont street.

A party of young people from Arlington Heights, including Miss Grace and Miss Dora Dewley, Miss Mazie Trask, Miss Dora Parsons, Mr. George Hill, Mr. Oscar Schaefer, Mr. Fred White and Mr. George Lloyd attended another of the dances given in the series at West Somerville, Thursday evening. Fine music and refreshments added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The "Experience party" and sale given on Wednesday afternoon and evening, by the ladies of the sewing circle connected with the Baptist church, was successful from start to finish. The "experience" part of the entertainment, when read, told how he or she earned the dollar for the church and was especially enjoyable. The supper was well patronized, and the sale brought in the dollars. It was a success all around.

Arlington Heights is surely booming, especially the Crescent Hill portion of it. A. G. McDonald has two houses nearly completed on Westminster avenue. These will make six that he has erected within the past few months, three of which are already sold and occupied.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Park Avenue church will meet next Tuesday afternoon in the parlors of the church at two o'clock.

Now is the time to

Have your Bicycle put in Order

For the coming season.

Telephone or drop us a card and we will call.

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ARLINGTON.

Theodore Roosevelt

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ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

No nominations have yet been made for the annual election and it looks as though the nominating committee would be called upon to perform that work. The committee comprises Messrs. Jere Colman, Burt W. Rankin, O. W. Whittemore, W. S. Durgin and George M. Brooks. The election of officers will be held the first Monday in April, and the time for filing nominations closes March 15th.

The regular meeting of the board of directors will be held Monday evening.

A matter in which some of the members are interested is that of the ladies' afternoons. Up to a year ago these were very popular. Many of the members brought their ladies to the clubhouse the first and third Wednesdays in the month and a pleasant afternoon was spent. Recently, however, the idea has rather passed out of vogue, till now many of the afternoons pass and not a single lady is present. Some of the members feel that this scheme can profitably be revived.

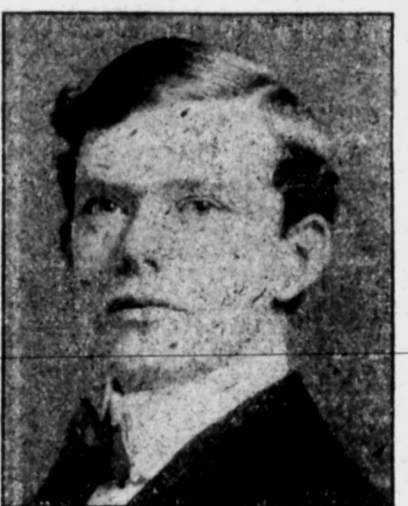
A house tournament with the candlepins will probably start about March 15. A cup had been donated for the highest average and there will be three prizes for team averages. Four men will probably constitute a team. The list of entries has been posted and all who contemplate going into the tournament are requested to put their names on the board as soon as possible. The following have already entered: Messrs. W. E. Freeman, George M. Brooks, Alfred G. Wilmet, R. E. Puffer, G. Gray Homer, W. H. Gray, G. B. Rogers, J. P. Puffer, W. A. Bird, J. M. Whitaker, J. O. Jones, F. W. Jordan, A. L. Young, R. W. Homer, S. W. Twombly, 2d, J. Fred Bitter, Jr., C. E. Johnson, George H. Shirley and H. A. Gorham.

The opponent in the "Swell" league next week is the Dudley team. The game will be played at home.

Four games have been played in the handicap pool tournament, which started Feb. 23. The scores have been as follows: Wellington 75, Allen 72, Rugg 75, Wilmot 62, Devereaux 56, Crosby 56, Farum 55, Wilmot 34. Two prizes are being competed for in this contest, and they will be awarded for the number of games. Each man plays every other man, and, as there are 10 entries, 90 games in all will have to be played.

HOWARD ILLSLEY DURGIN.

Howard Illsley Durgin distinguished himself at the closing of the season of the bowling team, by making a total of 588. Young Durgin, the son of



Mr. Winfield Scott Durgin, is a graduate of Bryant & Stratton's Business College. He is a bright young man and up-to-date in whatever he undertakes. Durgin received two valuable prizes for his splendid score.

TEN MEN CANDLE PIN MATCH.

Arlington demonstrated its superiority over the Old Belfry bowlers in a 10-man candlepin match at the A. B. C. clubhouse, Tuesday evening. A large crowd of "rooters" was present and gave the men lots of encouragement. The score:

Arlington Boat Club.			
	1	2	3
F. Reed	83	72	95
Brooks	85	82	71
Wheeler	78	66	80
Homer	86	90	77
Durgin	92	92	91
Dodge	78	90	78
Bird	89	92	78
Gray	88	98	79
Fowle	87	83	88
Rugg	78	70	81
Team totals	841	855	824

Old Belfry.

	1	2	3
Wellington	70	75	76
Ballard	78	90	79
Remus	77	80	81
Bigelow	75	78	72
Tower	89	76	64
Houghton	90	87	81
W. Reed	77	88	76
Gilmore	79	80	62
Hendley	76	107	70
Peabody	100	80	86
Team totals	821	841	767

"GOT A GAIT ON."

The A. B. C. bowlers have at last "got a gait on," and nobody, or no club, seems able to stop them. Thursday night, in the Massachusetts Amateur match, at Winchester, the team took two of the three games from Calumet. The match was rather slow and the figures did little to warm things up.

Arlington Boat managed to top the 25th century, and two of its men went into the high class. Puffer leading with 555, McFarland of Calumet, was high man for the night with a total of 570.

Arlington Boat.

	1	2	3	Tot.	St.	at	ms
Bowler	149	187	140	476	8	11	8
Dodge	171	155	156	482	4	18	2
Marston	196	191	168	555	12	12	4
Puffer	136	173	238	547	11	13	5
Homer	141	148	196	485	9	12	6
Whittemore	141	148	196	485	9	12	6
Team totals	793	854	898	2545	44	65	24

Calumet.

	1	2	3	Tot.	St.	at	ms
Richardson	191	161	148	500	9	12	2
McCall	176	151	164	491	5	18	1
McFarland	200	172	198	570	8	20	1
A. S. Littlefield	169	135	166	470	5	15	7
Purinton	149	168	127	444	8	9	4
Team totals	885	787	413	2475	35	74	15

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when the leg o' mutton set before him is not only properly cooked, but is tender, juicy, appetizing. Keep your husband in good humor by serving him with mutton, beef or other meats from the great refrigerating boxes at Stone's. Not only are our meats of a high grade, but they are cut up with a full knowledge of all the requirements of the kitchen and table.

LEXINGTON ENTERPRISE.

Saturday, March 9, 1901.

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1.

GREETING.

The Lexington Enterprise makes its first bow to the people of Lexington and solicits a welcome to their homes. It proposes to deserve one, and it hopes to become a weekly visitor to very many of them, to their mutual advantage.

It promises in advance that it will be a quiet, well behaved guest, seeking to tell the news of the town impartially, without malice and with good nature for all. The petty gossip, the impertinent intrusion, the mixing up in the family, or church, or society, or town quarrels, it will endeavor earnestly to avoid.

While having opinions of its own, it will respect those of others and seek to do justice to all, to give a patient and respectful hearing to everyone and to aid in making Lexington better known to itself and to others, a better town (if possible) to live in and as good a model for a residential town as it has long been for a patriotic one.

Since 1775, if not longer, Lexington people have been recognized as having opinions of their own and of being willing to stand up for them. On large matters of public policy and interest the Enterprise believes that it is the function of a local paper to take sides in those political and social movements which in the end benefit a community, although they may temporarily disturb it. We further would state our belief that all discussions of town affairs in these columns should have solely in view the good of the community, never allowing any personal or narrow view to obscure this purpose and ideal.

Anything is better than stagnation, and differences of opinion create a healthy public spirit and that emulation in the performance of the duties of citizenship which is indispensable to good government and social order. The Enterprise will aim to give fair, complete and unprejudiced accounts of all town affairs, that will give its readers the best opportunities for knowledge—the truth and judging the merits of opposing policies and parties, and its columns are open to all the citizens of the town, who, in fitting language and without offensive personalities, desire to express their views. It welcomes communications upon matters of interest to the citizens of the town and hopes to find room for them all in its columns.

Hoping to find a field for enterprise and progressive news gathering and distribution in Lexington, we bespeak the good-will and encouragement of its citizens.

NEXT MONDAY'S TOWN MEETING.

Any Lexington citizen who has read carefully the warrant for the town meeting has seen the extent of the business to be transacted next Monday evening and has, too, doubtless felt aware of the importance of his personal interest in the affairs then to be disposed of. The last six articles in the warrant particularly demand notice. The business contemplated therein affects the best interests of the town. The proposed extension and improvement of streets should, we feel, be carried as far forward as possible, in order to add to the beauty of the town and to enhance real estate values. The condition of the old cemetery is such that an appropriation for improving it should be made, or, at least, there should be a beginning in that direction. And no thinking citizen of the town needs to be urged of the importance of the action called for in Arts. 25 and 26. The first has reference to the abolition of grade crossings at Woburn, Grant, Merriam, Hancock, Revere and Bedford streets, while the second of these articles raises the matter of an issue of bonds to the amount of \$10,000 for the purpose of refunding an equal amount of Lexington water bonds falling due on the first of next November. There are other parts of the warrant that might be called to the voter's attention, but those mentioned will, we are sure, serve as an indication of the many good reasons why there should be a large attendance of those qualified at Monday evening's meeting to settle, and settle right, the questions that concern the welfare and prosperity of the old town.

POSTMASTER SAVILLE.

Twenty-seven years of unbroken service in the office of town clerk give Mr. Leonard A. Saville pretty good reason for feeling that his life has been bound up with that of the town. His friends in Lexington will cheerfully admit this, and take the farther step that his modesty will not allow him to take, and say that his work during this long period of years has been a source of benefit to the town and of pride to its citizens, who have been gratified at the faithful and able manner in which the duties of the clerk have been performed. So, while Mr. Saville now relinquishes the office in the town hall, there will be felt a general satisfaction that his familiar face and figure are not to be distant from us, but that he may be found in a new position, and one which he can well fill among us, as the Lexington postmaster. Mrs. Babcock, who has been doing the work at the postoffice since the death of her husband a year ago, has been most obliging and efficient, but feels that the duties of the position are too exacting for her, and decided some time ago to relinquish it. As Mr. Saville enters upon the post-office work he has the confidence and goodwill of the community, as Mrs. Babcock in leaving it has earned the thanks and favor of all who have come in contact with her during her short incumbency of the position.

This week we give pictures of the new member and the retiring member of the board of selectmen. Next week we shall publish the cuts of the full board of selectmen for 1901.

H. A. SHAW,
Carriage Building
and Repairing.
All Orders Promptly Attended To.
Shop, on Depot St., Residence, Huxley St.,
LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Lexington is to be congratulated upon increasing its no-license majority of 28 last year to one of 193 this year.

E. C. Stevens, secretary of the Boston Molasses Co., of 46 Central street, Boston, and his wife, gave a housewarming at their beautiful residence on Oak street, last week Wednesday evening. The guests were mainly the partners, employees and business associates of Mr. Stevens, and their ladies, and included among others President Felix Tausig and wife, Treasurer C. F. Bates and wife, Assistant Treasurer A. E. Brown and wife, the New Orleans representative of the company Geo. R. Hollander, Supt. B. D. Kelle and wife of Newton, Miss Mabel Cushman Stevens and W. G. Cloyes and wife from Cambridge, and P. B. Cloyes of Middleboro. There were present in all 26 persons. The evening was passed in cards and other games, music being furnished by one of Lexington's talented lady pianists. Miss Stevens took a flash light picture of the officers and male employees of the company.

Through the office of Edward T. Harrington & Co., the final papers have been passed conveying the Dr. Porter estate, 100 North street, to Elihu Carruth, administrator, to C. W. Collamore. The property is assessed for \$6400, and consists of a house and half an acre of land.

A committee of the Lexington Historical society is preparing a memorial pamphlet containing the resolutions on the death of Mr. Charles A. Wellinton, adopted by the society at its last meeting, as prepared by Hon. A. E. Scott; with the speeches of Messrs. Scott, Geo. O. Smith, James P. Munroe and Albert S. Parsons and the tribute of the president, Rev. C. A. Staples. The little book will have a photograph of the deceased and respected citizen whose death is so sad a blow to the society and to the town.

The town warrant gives promise of much important business at the adjourned town meeting, Monday night. The high school matter, the sewerage of the town and other business calls for the best judgment and the sober consideration of the citizens. The excitement and bitterness of late town meetings will not be repeated, but that all citizens will consider these questions on their merits, without bias or any personal interest. Thus only are the best results obtained for the town.

Those who opposed as illegal the action of the town meeting, last Monday, in voting upon the amendment to the warrant, as to the change back to the old system of electing selectmen, under Article 2, feeling that it was out of order under an article applying only to balloting, made a verbal protest and the request of the moderator put it in writing. It was signed by Albert S. Parsons, Edwin A. Bailey, J. F. Maynard, Ed. E. Merriam and Geo. F. Mead.

An illustrated lecture on the Boer war will be held under the auspices of Independence lodge, A. O. U. W., at their hall, next Thursday evening.

The Woman's alliance met in the vestry of the Unitarian church Tuesday afternoon.

The recent sunlight party of George G. Meade post netted more than \$60.

THE NEW POSTMASTER.

Leonard A. Saville, Lexington's new postmaster, is a gentleman whose appointment has met with general satisfaction. Mr. Saville has very acceptably filled the position of town clerk for the past 27 years and in that time has demonstrated his loyalty to his town, his ability as a public officer and his general character for integrity and honesty.

Mr. Saville was born in Annisquam, Mass., in 1833. When he was 16 years of age, in '49, he came to Lexington and has lived here ever since. For many years, in fact from '61 to '88, he followed the business of a grocer. It was 27 years ago that he was first chosen town clerk and he has since filled the office with the exception of all up to Monday, when his successor was elected. He has also served several terms as a member of the board of assessors and also of the board of selectmen.

Mr. Saville is a prominent member of the Unitarian church. He is a charter member of Independence lodge, A. O. U. W., and was its first master workman. He is also a member of the Masonic lodge, a member of Simon W. Robinson lodge, A. F. and A. M., and chaplain of the lodge. He is also a member of other organizations. In '90 Mr. Saville was one of the pioneers who went to Cambridge. He has devoted some time to the real estate business, in addition to his grocery trade.

Mr. Saville succeeded to the office of postmaster only after a warm contest. In March of last year Col. Leonard G. Babcock, who had been postmaster since '67, died in office. His widow was appointed to the office to which the position was vacant. The candidates against Mr. Saville were Capt. C. G. Kaufmann, Everett S. Locke and George H. Cutter, all past commanders of George G. Meade post No. 12, A. R.

The appointment of Mr. Saville was made through the efforts of James H. Frizelle, a member of Congress from Weymouth's district committee. President McKim's son, Mr. Saville's name to the senate January 26, last, and it was confirmed. Mr. Saville numbers among his other virtues, that of modesty. The Enterprise made an effort to secure from him a photograph for the paper, but he politely refused to have his photo published.

ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH.

A concert of Irish melodies is being arranged for St. Patrick's night in the town hall. The talent consists of well known artists, who are capable, and doubtless will give a fine exhibition. Those who will take part are: Miss Annette Frizelle, contralto; Miss Brady, soprano; Lon Brine, baritone; Thomas A. Dineen, tenor; Florian Record, clarinet soloist; William Kelley, reader, and Peter McNally, Mr. Kelley is a member of the Irish Hur company, being the understudy of the actor who plays the part of Ben Hur. At the close of the concert program, the boys of the parish will give the one-act play, "The Red Coat." This will be for the benefit of the church.

The young men and women of the parish are arranging to give a minstrel show after Easter, probably in Easter week. Mr. Rice, of Woburn, is in charge of the performance. The proceeds will be devoted to the church work.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lexington Equal Suffrage league was held at the house of its president, Mr. A. W. Stevens, on Wednesday evening, about fifty persons being present. President Stevens read a thoughtful paper on "Aristocracy versus Democracy," showing how the evolution of mankind has been tending consistently towards democracy from the government of the weak by the strong to self government. Its application being, of course, that universal suffrage was the only legitimate outcome. He severely criticised the idea of a limited suffrage, believing a government in which the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, all had an equal voice the only true government. Carlyle's views on democratic government were rebuked and a plea made for fraternal union of all citizens, aiming at the good of all.

The discussion was animated. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Chas. I. P. Stone, A. E. Scott, S. Parsons, L. P. Stone, and H. E. Putnam taking part, while several ladies had suggestions to offer. The secretary, Mr. Francis J. Garrison, announced the progress of the equal suffrage movement for the last month, and the hearings at the state house.

OUT IN FORCE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

then placing a cross in the square opposite my name. Respectfully,
George W. Taylor,
Bedford Street, Lexington.

OPENING OF MONDAY'S MEETING.

Monday's contest began early and continued till 7 o'clock, the hour set for opening the polls, more than 300 voters, representing both sides, several electric cars were run to North and East Lexington to get the voters out. The Hutchinson forces were led by Selectman George W. Sampson, who claimed Hutchinson's election to be illegal, were marshalled by Representative George F. Meade, E. P. Merriam, Edwin A. Bailey and A. S. Parsons. These leaders urged their followers to place stickers on the official ballot for the election of George W. Taylor as selectman for three years, who they claimed was the only legal mode of procedure.

When Town Clerk Leonard A. Saville, after reading the warrant, called for nominations for moderator, the well known James H. Frizelle for the position, who was elected without opposition. Immediately after the election of moderator a hot fight resulted over a motion to reconsider the election of George W. Sampson. It called for a reaffirmation of the vote passed Jan. 28, last, which the Sampson forces claimed as legal, and under which the warrant was called. The vote was as follows:

"That at this annual meeting the town elect one selectman for one year; in March, 1902, two selectmen for one year; and in March, 1903, three selectmen for one year; and thereafter shall annually elect three selectmen for one year, as was in effect previous to March, 1900, thereby rescinding the vote passed by the town Jan. 28, 1900, and in accordance with the statutes of 1893, section 335, chapter 548."

The motion was vigorously opposed by Edwin A. Bailey, A. S. Parsons, Walter Blodgett and E. P. Merriam representing the Taylor forces, but the Sampson party won a two-thirds majority and the motion was passed by an overwhelming vote.

After this skirmish, the work of voting began in earnest, and a constant line of voters appeared, giving the tellers plenty to do in handling the ballots during the day.

During the middle of the afternoon some excitement was caused by E. P. Merriam, who presented this resolution:

MR. MERRIAM'S RESOLUTION.

"Whereas, it is claimed that a part of article two in the warrant for this meeting, calling for the election of one selectman for one year is erroneous and illegal in that under vote of the town passed Jan. 28, 1900, one selectman for three years should be elected at this meeting, and it is desirable that all doubts as to the legality of such election be settled by a legal discussion in order that all facts relating thereto may be presented to the court, the moderator is requested to come to court and be counted, all votes cast for selectman whether for one or for three years, and announce the result before the close of the meeting."

The resolution received a second, but Moderator Frizelle, after reading it, said: "This motion is somewhat aspersive of the discretion and judgment of the moderator, and on that account I refuse to entertain the motion, or to give it any consideration." The ruling was greeted with cheers, followed by hisses. The hisses aroused the fiery temper of the moderator, and he replied to those who were hissing him in language more expressive than that of a gentleman. He said in pretty plain terms, as a matter of fact that the individuals who were responsible for the hisses would find a more congenial environment in the barn yard than in a town meeting. He subsequently, Mr. Merriam tried to have the resolution accepted as a petition, but with no favor from the moderator. The latter, however, agreed to have the resolution read and the records of the meeting, after the names appended had been removed, and this met the wishes of Mr. Merriam.

EXCITEMENT OVER THE VOTE.

Toward the end of the afternoon, the crowd in the hall perceptibly thinned out. By the time for the evening meal there were only a few persons present except the moderator, the tellers and a few party leaders. Before anyone had gone home, however, he had ascertained that the vote would not be announced until nine o'clock in a town meeting, and some time before that hour all the voters and a good many others had returned to the hall, making a large and expectant crowd. For a full hour before the announcement was made, the hall was full of persons in the hall kept growing larger and noisier, and Moderator Frizelle divided his time between pacing backward and forward on the platform and occasionally addressing the gathering for quiet and order.

At 9:30 o'clock, the moderator, with a big and significant sheet of paper in his hands, stepped to the desk and stated that the vote for selectmen had been counted and that he would declare the result. A hush fell upon the entire assemblage, even including the obstreperous small boy element, and those who had not taken seats began to look on. The interest was intense on the part of everyone in the hall, the entire result of the voting was as follows:

Town clerk, one year, George D. Harrington, 415.
Selectman, one year, John F. Hutchinson, 490; Edwin S. Spaulding, 503; Henry A. C. Woodward, 444.

Town treasurer, one year, George D. Harrington, 550.
Collector of taxes, one year, Loring W. Muzzey, 568.

Assessors, one year, George H. Cutter, 240; Chas. G. Kaufmann, 370; Everett H. S. Locke, 380.

Auditors, one year, Hilman B. Sampson, 514; H. Eugene Tuttle, 495.
Constables, one year, William B. Foster, 514; H. Eugene Tuttle, 495.

School committee, three years, Charles H. Wiswell, 534.
School committee, one year, Edward P. Bliss, 546.

Health, three years, Charles H. Franks, 388.
Cemetery committee, three years, Abbott S. Mitchell, 491.

Water commissioner, three years, Charles W. Rice, 468.
Sewer commissioner, three years, Edwin S. Spaulding, 494.

License, Yes, 208, No, 404.
The vote for the defeated candidates is shown as follows:

Town clerk, one year, Francis E. Downer, 215.
Selectman, three years, George W. Taylor (stickers), 146.

Assessor, one year, Timothy O'Connor, 344.
Board of Health, three years, Daniel J. Vaughan, 151.

It may be noted that in the vote for selectman, Mr. Taylor also got 31 votes for one year, and Mr. Hutchinson eight votes for three years.

Immediately after Moderator Frizelle had announced the result, Mr. Hutchinson received 408 votes for selectman for one year and was elected. Mr. Taylor rose to protest. He was declared out of order by the moderator, who then announced that the election was closed and that for three years votes on stickers, but that these votes did not conform with the requirements of the law, as no election of a selectman had been called for by a vote of the town.

In as a member of the board of selectmen, which was done. During this brief, but exciting, interval, Mr. Taylor had ineffectually called for recognition. After a little bickering between the moderator and Mr. Taylor, the latter was given the floor, and at once read the following formal protest, which was entered on the records of the meeting:

I, George W. Taylor, of Lexington, do hereby formally protest against the announcement that John F. Hutchinson has been this day elected as one of the selectmen of Lexington for a term of one year; that said pretended election is illegal and void, and that no member of the board of selectmen can be elected at this meeting save for a term of three years; that I, George W. Taylor, have received more votes for that term than any other candidate, and should be elected as a member of the board of selectmen for a term of three years from this date."

NOTES OF THE SKIRMISH.

Monday's result on the vote for selectmen only finished the preliminary skirmish. The battle is yet to come in the courts, when the legality of the town's action must be decided.

Significant in the next step will be a demand for a recount. At the same time application will be made for an injunction to restrain Mr. Hutchinson from acting as selectman until the matter has been decided upon by the courts.

Mr. Taylor is understood to have retained Horace G. Allen as counsel. An Enterprise man asked G. W. Sampson, Monday evening, what the plans of the Hutchinson side of the fight were. Mr. Sampson said that they were ready to pitch into the middle of the conflict in the courts when it came, but at the present time they did not care to make any statement.

It was a close contest for the board of assessors. There were four candidates for three places, and Mr. O'Connor, who was elected, was only five votes behind his successful competitor.

In the contest for town clerk, Francis E. Downer, who was considered a strong candidate against George D. Harrington, lost by a large majority.

The vote was won almost as usual, ensuring the cleanliness and good order to the town which have been in vogue for 17 years as a result of this policy. The yes vote seems to be in a hopeful minority.

Although the excitement ran high all day, Lexington's reputation for meetings at which gentlemanliness predominates was well sustained. Mr. Taylor remarked to Hutchinson: "This is a good-natured conversation. 'This is a game of points' and the thing was fought out on that basis. Personal animosity is left out of the account."

That crowd of small boys who preempted half a dozen settees in one corner of the hall and got gay with a game of marbles soon found that the dignity of the meeting must be preserved, and if their fun was interfered with, they did not choose to heed a couple of quiet warnings from the moderator. Officer Foster got into the game and it was impossible to do the stone work.

Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Arlington, while driving through North Lexington, last Tuesday, was run into by an electric car, near Revere street. Mr. Sullivan had to drive home in a borrowed wagon.

Mr. G. Carlton Worthen leaves town next Saturday evening for Leesburg, Va. He will remain for some time in Washington. While Mr. Worthen is simply taking a needed vacation, he is going to keep his mind busy for business and the way through, and may not return to Lexington for some time.

The Follen Lend-a-Hand will have another of their very popular social dances on Tuesday, the 19th. Doane's orchestra will furnish the music and Caterer Kimball the refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Ellsworth Pierce left town yesterday, the 8th inst., at noon, their destination being Old Point Comfort, Va.

Little Nellie Harrington, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, of Currier street, had her elbow broken, last Sunday, by falling on the icy street, near her home. The bone was set by Dr. Tilton and she is getting along very comfortably.

The dance which was held by the K. P. T. club at the Kite End schoolhouse, last Friday evening, was a splendid affair, there being about 35 couples present. As it was a private affair, those present requested us to refrain from any reasons, not to publish their names. However, we will take the liberty of saying that Mr. W. A. Staples, of Concord avenue, contributed largely to make this dance the splendid success that it proved to be.

Mr. Nixon Waterman, humorist, poet and philosopher, will give readings from his own rhymes at the Prospect union 744 Massachusetts avenue, Cambridgeport, near Central square, on Wednesday evening, March 27, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Waterman is a resident of Arlington Heights and a poet of world-wide reputation, his verses teeming over with love and humor. He is also the editor of "Good Cheer," a magazine published monthly for cheerful thinkers. This evening will be ladies' night at the union and admission will be by guest ticket, which can be obtained from the secretary of the union, or from Patrick Flynn, East Lexington. We would suggest the necessity of getting there early in the evening as the hall will undoubtedly be packed.

Mr. Herbert Wilson, who lives just over the line in Weymouth, has been tendered a surprise party by his numerous friends, at the spacious home of Mr. James A. Wilson, of Bow street, E. Lexington. There were about 50 persons present, a number of them being employees of the B. E. R. R., where Mr. Wilson has been employed as a motorman for some years. There was a bounteous supper served about 10 o'clock, and after the guests had partaken of the good things offered, the host, in behalf of the many friends present in a few well fitting words, presented Mr. Wilson with a handsome brussels carpet, just a made to order for his parlor floor. Mr. Wilson was taken completely by surprise but he thanked his friends in that brusque and earnest manner that has won for him the high esteem and regard of all who know him. The evening's entertainment of the evening was commenced, consisting of music, dancing and singing. Some very excellent violin selections were rendered by Mr. Harry Kimball and Mr. Francis Cormier. Mr. W. A. Weston was kept busy between the piano and his banjo. The company started to break up about midnight and everybody was delighted over the measures of the evening, which was in a large measure due to the splendid management of the hostess who was highly regarded by the guests as an entertainer. Among those whom we knew were the following: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wilson, of Pleasant street, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tinsam, of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of Woburn, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, of Woburn, Mr. and Mrs. Hutt, of Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. David Elliott, of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Wilson, of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, Miss Edna Lambkin, Mr. Robert Lynch, Miss Nichols, Mr. George Murphy, Mr. Frank Cormier, Mr. Ralph Collins, Sr., Mr. C. A. Young, Mr. W. A. Murrin, Mr. George Selleck, Mr. Ralph Collins, Jr., Mr. Ernest Sherman, Mr. George A. Prescott, Mr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Thomas Morris, Mr. Richard Coulson, Mr. George Reynolds.

LEXINGTON SELECTMEN.

The new board of selectmen met Thursday afternoon in the town hall. John F. Hutchinson, the new member of the board, was present and took part in the proceedings. An organization was effected. On motion of Mr. Hutchinson, Edwin S. Spaulding was chosen chairman, and George W. Spaulding, clerk. The former has held the office of chairman for the past year. The latter takes the place of Mr. Sampson, who retires as clerk and also from the board.

A petition was received asking for a recount in the election of assessor. It was decided to hold the recount that night. The date for recounting the vote for selectmen was asked for by the Taylor forces, was not set.

April 2 at 7:30 p.m. was set as a time for hearing the petition of the railroad company for double track locations. The company asked for double tracks on Massachusetts avenue, from the Arlington line to the turnout near the East Lexington depot, a distance of about a mile, and further up from the Russell house to the town.

The regular bill for the fortnight was approved. The board will hold its next meeting March 21.

MRS. WOOD'S RECITAL.

Mrs. Lillian Lord Wood's piano recital, which was given at the Old Belfry club, Tuesday evening, brought out a large and fashionable audience. In all about 200 persons were in the audience, and these included the prominent people of the town.

Mrs. Wood is Madame Szumowska's favorite pupil, and the latter is the favorite pupil of Paderewski. Mrs. Wood's recital was a fine exhibition of her musical and artistic talent. The program was as follows:

Pantasia, C minor Mozart.
Pavane (Rustic) Grieg.
Poeme Erotique (Love poem) Grieg.
Scherzo, E minor Grieg.
Romance Sans Paroles Saint Saens.
Berceuse, G major Rubinstein.
Nursery Song, No. 2, Schop. Op. 6.
Etude, Op. 25, No. 2, Schop. Op. 25.
No. 2, Valse, Op. 68 major Chopin.
La Campanella Liszt.
Miss Alice B. Cary directed the recital.

The recount for assessor was held Thursday night. Mr. O'Connor, the defeated candidate, gained one vote, but the final result remained as before.

The town officers have received no notice of any intention to regard to the day night's town meeting and look as though there would be none. Mr. Hutchinson, the newly elected member of the board of selectmen, participated in Thursday afternoon's meeting of the board.

East Lexington.

Last Monday evening, Miss Edith Sim, of Fern street, was pleasantly surprised by a party of twenty of her friends who called at her home at 7:30 o'clock, loaded with presents and other good things with which to pass a pleasant evening on the occasion being the 15th anniversary of her birthday. All spent a very enjoyable evening, music and parlor games being freely indulged in after which the guests were served with a beautiful supper. The party broke up at 10:30.

Mr. David Bacon has bought a new Frairie State incubator and has 100 eggs in the process of incubation.

This column of the Enterprise is conducted for the benefit of the residents of East Lexington in general and subscribers and advertisers in particular. If you know anything good about your neighbor, in the line of news, we will gladly insert it, but if you want his name published, you must send them to the editor with your name and address signed.

If you have not trimmed your grape vines, you had better see to them during the coming week, as it is somewhat dangerous to cut them back after the middle of March.

The handsome new silver door plate on Mr. David Bacon's front door was made by Mr. Frank Holland, of Sylvia street.

Miss Edna Parker had to stay home from school last week with a cold. She goes to school again next Monday.

The Arlington fire department was called out at 12 o'clock, last Wednesday night, to extinguish a fire in a house on Sylvia street, just over the line, in Arlington, owned and occupied by Mr. F. J. Adams. The house was partially burned. It was insured.

Rev. Richard Bullard, of Sylvia street, attended the district conference of the L. D. S. church, at Providence, R. I., Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Conductor Waite, of the L. & B. R. R., while engaged in fixing hisrolley, last Thursday, lost his balance and fell off his car. He was injured somewhat severely.

Mr. H. Malcolm Torrey is going to add another forge to his already well equipped shop.

Mr. J. H. Frizelle has bought a pair of excellent work horses with the intention of taking up the teaming business.

Messrs. Sumner, Wilson and Harris Blanchard took a day off last Monday and came home to vote.

The K. P. T. club is going to run another dance at the Kite End schoolhouse, next Thursday evening.

Mr. J. E. Garmon will start working for the postoffice grocery store next Monday.

Noble Grand Mrs. Austin attended the experience party held at Rebekah lodge, Arlington, last Monday evening.

Col. W. A. Tower is building an addition to his barn. Mr. Bartlett Harrington is doing the stone work.

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The Newest Modes

By Mate Leroy

Side by side in the stores we find mourning dresses and bridal robes. Pope, the great English poet, says:

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

I have always puzzled over this meaning, and the summer girl shows what he ought to have meant. The woman who finds herself obliged by a custom far older than she thinks to put on mourning



BRIDESMAID'S DRESS OF WHITE TULLE.

ing garments looks interesting and calls forth all our sympathy, if not admiration, but when she again wears her dainty white and colored garments we at once recognize that she is really twice a saint in lawn.

It may interest some to know that the first record we have of the wearing of crape is that Queen Eleanor wore a long crape veil. Mary, queen of Scots, wore a white crape coif and long veil, and we are told that Marguerite of Valois wore a costume of crape. This is supposed to have been china crape, but it is certain that it was worn in Europe before 1665, the date usually given as that of its importation in France.

English crape first made its appearance in the time of William and Mary and has been in constant use as a garb signifying woe and bereavement. But in an item of expense of Queen Henrietta Maria mention is made of the purchase of black crape. It was first made of wool, but now the best qualities are entirely of silk. The peculiar twist given to the fabric in weaving is what makes the crinkle. It is certain that the Chinese and Japanese knew how to make it long before it was made in England or France. The French crape is more suitable for trimmings than veils, the latter requiring the most body and solidity. A Huguenot refugee named Courtauld first made crape in England, and to this day the crape made by his successors has been the standard and is used almost exclusively for bands of trimming for deep mourning and for the long veils. The weight and solidity never vary, a fact worth mentioning in



BRIDESMAID'S DRESS OF PINK BROCADE.

these days of adulteration. The only difference is that now it is made waterproof by some new process. This makes English crape the most perfect fabric offered to women, yet few desire to wear it.

The past year has had so many calamities that we see an unusually large number of black costumes. Moreover, many of our leaders in style affect black gowns for the street. The number of black broadcloth, venetian, covert and

cheviot dresses passes belief. When attire black is not worn, a gray so dark as to pass for black is often seen.

A widow's costume differs little from that of the last generation, save that it follows the fashion more closely in the latest shapes and manner of trimming. Nothing that is fashionable in the style of the day is too ornate to put on the crape or eudora dress. Eudora is and probably will remain the one fabric chosen for first mourning on account of its frosty bloom and dead fine weave. It is silk warp and never grows rusty like so many of the all wools. One dress has a deep bounce of eudora, and around this are six lines of English crape folds, with more so placed on the skirt as to simulate a tunic. The waist is likewise trimmed with folds, and the undersleeves are of the crape. This is for a young daughter. The widow and the mother wear the deepest and simplest of all the mourning, but also the heaviest. Generally the veil falls over the face to the feet both front and back.

Among the goods now made expressly for mourning one finds plain weaves in eudoras, henriettes, serges, dull poplins, crepons and mohair crape cloths, alpaccas, crepelines, mignonette, grenadine, melrose and cords, all jet black. There are some blue blacks, and one should see the two together when intending to order mourning, otherwise one might not notice the difference. For all millinery, except the close bonnets to wear with the veils, the straw, chip, crinoline and fancy straws mingled with lacelike crin are among the popular hats for all young people. These may be trimmed with tulle, silk mull or dyed feathers and perhaps a jet buckle or so. Dull taffeta ribbon is best for trimming. All sorts of black flowers will be worn, some of them being very rich and beautiful.

Now, as the Germans say, it is time to say a word about the magnificent new stuffs for bridal robes and bridesmaids' dresses. Next to being a bride is to be a bridesmaid. There are some white satin brocades with the underlying figure in silver thread, real silver and not tinsel. A yard of this stuff weighs perhaps a pound. One would need say 15 yards. The lining, the lace for trimming, the balayuse and some other things not



COMMUNION DRESS OF WHITE VEILING.

necessary to mention would certainly weigh a couple of pounds more. It is a good thing that parents do not have to give a dowry in gold equal to the weight of the bride in her wedding clothes.

Among the rather less expensive materials are silk and satin brocades without the admixture of the metal threads. They are very elegant and to my taste prettier by far than the silver. But silver is very popular just now, and it is surprising how soon it has displaced gold. Among the other white silk goods intended for weddings we have chenes, damas, crapes, taffetas, grenadines, gauzes and panne satins.

I notice two dresses for bridesmaids intended for a home wedding, no one wearing low necked gowns at church. One is of dotted tulle trimmed with daisies. The other has a white and pink brocade trimmed with tulle drapery and pink roses.

Many mothers are now considering how to make their daughters' communion dresses, and I may remark that in one of the largest stores devoted to children I am told that many girls will wear black for that ceremony. Why this change I cannot say. I saw one dress made of black nun's veiling, and the baby waist was shirred at the neck and waist. The skirt was tucked in several narrow lines at the bottom above the deep hem. There was a belt of black taffeta ribbon, and the neck was finished with a narrow ruche of white chiffon.

Another one was of white veiling and was trimmed with slip stitched ribbon on the yoke and sleeves. Still another black one had the blouse tucked and a collar with a vest front of black silk mull, the undersleeves being of the same. Both skirts were plain save for a deep tuck. The Protestant churches do not require the girls to wear white veils, but the Catholic church does. Both denominations have decided that black button boots shall take the place of the thin white slippers. The first communion marks an era in the life of a child, and it is well to impress it upon the young mind, but not at the expense of the health. White cotton or helle thread gloves should be provided. The cunning little white hoods may be worn by any Protestant.

WOMAN AND HOME.

MRS. EVELYN SMITH, KEEPER OF A RHODE ISLAND PRISON.

Royal Needlewomen—Right Kind of Exercise—How to Treat a Mother-in-law—Wedding Colors and Superstitions—Royalty's Flowers.

The only woman jailer in the New England states and one of the very few in the whole world is Mrs. Evelyn Smith, in charge of the Kent county jail in Greenwich, R. I. Mrs. Smith is a widow, and her husband, Jotham S. Smith, kept the same jail before her. In fact the jail has been in the custody of the family for more than half a century, and Mrs. Smith herself has been the jailer for the past 21 years.

It is a modern institution at the present time, and with its steam heat, its electric lights and its fire and burglar proof walls and ceilings it ranks well with the best in the whole country, although it is limited in its capacity to the requirements of the county. Ordinarily there are half a dozen prisoners in the jail in her charge, but she has as many as twice that number at times, and she has never had a revolt nor a general conspiracy to break jail.

Only on one occasion have any escaped, and then the new jail was not ready for occupancy. Before the walls were sufficiently hardened two sailboat thieves were given into her custody, and they



MRS. EVELYN SMITH.

dug their way out one night, and nothing has ever been seen of them since, whereat the state authorities expressed their satisfaction at their permanent departure for other climes.

Mrs. Smith is an amiable, a motherly, an honest and a resolute woman. If she lacked courage, she would not be the successful jaileress she has been during the past twenty odd years. She treats her prisoners well, and they return her kindness by behaving themselves at least while they remain in the Kent county jail.

She does not know exactly why the men prisoners placed in her custody are so mild under her care, but she has often seen big strapping fellows come to the jail in the custody of three or four officers and handcuffs were on the prisoners. Frequently there would be a big fight just outside of the jail, when the final struggle would be made.

As soon as that man was landed inside of the jail she would say, "He is my prisoner now, and he can be taken care of without further trouble," and Mrs. Smith would accompany him to the corridor alone and place him in a cell. A few words from her were generally sufficient to make the prisoner behave himself.

"How do you do this?" Mrs. Smith was asked.

"Well, I don't exactly know, except it is that a man has more respect for a woman than he has for a man. There have been lots of tough and hardened men in the jail since I first came here, and they have behaved themselves very well. A little civility goes a great way, and with a fair degree of treatment the prisoners soon like to keep the jail orderly, and they thereby secure all the more liberty and privileges. That means a great deal to them when they are confined behind the bars."

The population of Kent county, in which is the jail kept by Mrs. Smith, is about 50,000, and the prisoners are brought from a large area of the country districts, reaching from the west shore of Narragansett bay to the Connecticut state line. The county comprises the towns of East Greenwich, Warwick, Coventry and West Greenwich.—Boston Globe.

Royal Needlewomen.

In the course of an article in The Quiver on the subject of "Royal Needlewomen" the author states: "Queen Elizabeth was as clever with her needle as she was in every other way. In her gloomy and much tried girlhood she embroidered with gold thread the cover of a black letter edition of St. Paul's epistles, which was her daily companion during her residence at Woodstock. A tablecloth that she worked after she became queen is at Penshurst place. A contemporary rhyme wrote that she was 'a needlewoman royal and renowned' and in another flight of verse averred that 'she made the needle her companion still'."

Catherine de' Medici, the arch plotter and schemer, was very skillful with her hands and used to gather round her her daughters, Claude, Elizabeth and Margaret, and the young dauphiness, Marie Stuart, and with them spend many after dinner hours in silk embroidery. Perhaps the unhappy Mary's taste for needlework dated from those days, for when she came to her own kingdom, far from that 'pleasant land of France,' her industry was remarkable. When she sat daily for several hours in council with her ministers and advisers, a little sandalwood table holding her workbasket was always placed by her chair of state, and she stitched diligently while she talked and listened. It was a habit that stood her in good stead, for practically her one occupation during the long after years of her captivity was needlework. Sir William Drummond, the bard of Hawthornden, writing to Ben Jonson, says:

"I have been curious to find out for you the implexans and emblems on a bed of state wrought and embroidered all over with silk and gold by the late Queen Mary, mother to our sacred sovereign. The first is the loadstone swimming toward the pole, the word, her majesty's name turned into an anagram, 'Marie Stuarta sa vertu m'attire,' which is not

much inferior to 'veritas armata' (armed truth), which is likewise meant as an anagram on Marie Stuarta. * * * With the word 'undique' (on every side) added, it would signify that through the cross she was armed at all points. The remnants of this bed are at Hardwick, whither they were taken from Chatsworth. It is much mutilated by lawless visitors, who have cut out pieces as relics. At Hardwick also are two pictorial tableaux worked by Mary in tent stitch. They are about one and a half yards long by three-quarters of a yard high. The front shows Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac, and the second the judgment of Solomon. They were discovered by a former duke of Devonshire in an old oaken chest, where they had lain for over two centuries, uninjured by moth or damp and the colors as fresh and bright as when first combined."

The Right Kind of Exercise.

The woman who has "no time for relaxation and systematic exercise" is precisely the woman who most needs to take it. Rest, exercise, diet, amusement and work are of equal importance in the vast scheme of living if one would live sanely—that is, healthfully. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is perfectly true, and that all play and no work has the same effect is equally correct. It is the wise adjustment of the proportion of each that makes for health.

"I get all the exercise I need in going about my household duties," many women assert, but that is the greatest mistake possible. Under ordinary circumstances a few sets of muscles are called into activity, and the mind at the same time is fully occupied. For physical exercise to be helpful the mind should be at rest. A walk of 20 minutes' duration in the open air is an absolute daily necessity and should be at a reasonably brisk pace. Deep breathing should be practiced on these walks until it becomes a fixed habit. A good plan is to inhale slowly while taking seven steps, then exhale during seven. The mental application soon ceases to be necessary and the walker almost unconsciously breathes in this way. Deep breathing is helpful in cases of insomnia also.

The average woman takes too little care of her health until she loses it, and then she takes too much care of it with tonics and nostrums. She drinks two or three cups of strong coffee for breakfast, eats meat three times a day, takes cakes and ices ad infinitum and by the time she is 30 or earlier has established a chronic dyspepsia that is guaranteed to last until her death. There are many more illnesses from overeating than from overworking and far greater danger to beauty.—New York Tribune.

How to Treat a Mother-in-law.

Mrs. S. L. Baldwin of Brooklyn, who lived for more than 20 years in China, has completed a translation of the accepted authority on Chinese etiquette written by Lady Tsai of the Han dynasty nearly 18 centuries ago. It contains the following instructions, says the New York Tribune, as to the correct behavior of a wife toward her husband's mother:

When your mother-in-law sits, you should respectfully stand.

Obe quickly her commands.

In the morning early rise

And quietly open the doors,

Making no noise to awaken her;

Her toilet articles hasten to prepare;

Her washbowl and towel,

Her toothbrush and powder,

All bring together.

Let not the water be too cold or too hot

When the mother-in-law awakens.

All these things respectfully present to her;

Then immediately retire to one side

Until her toilet is completed.

Then approach and present the morning salutation.

Again retire and prepare her tea.

Quickly and cheerfully carry it to her,

After which the breakfast table arrange,

Place the spoons and chopsticks straight,

The rice cook soft and

Let the meat be thoroughly done.

From ancient days until now

Old people have had sick teeth;

Therefore, let not the food be so dry

That your mother-in-law

With labor vainly eats.

Daily the three meals

Thus carefully prepare.

When darkness comes

And your great one (mother-in-law) desires to sleep,

Carefully for her spread the bed,

When she may peacefully rest,

And you may retire to your room.

Following these instructions,

All your superiors will praise you;

All that know you will esteem you as good.

Wedding Colors and Superstitions.

The custom for a bride to be dressed all in white is one that is common to many countries and is followed even among the fair little maidens of Japan, and with them, as with us, the custom has been handed down from very ancient times, as has also that of having wedding cake, wedding favors and bridesmaids, while the wearing of the bridal veil is said to have originated with the old Anglo-Saxons, among whom it was the custom to hold a veil over both bride and bridegroom.

There used to be many superstitions in connection with the colors worn at a wedding, and at one time it was considered almost as unlucky to wear green as to wear black, and there were many brides who would as soon have done without the attendance of their bridesmaids as have them dressed in green or even yellow.

Fer green is forsaken and yellow forsworn.

Blue, however, was a color both good and fortunate for a bride, who, according to an old saying, should on her wedding day, if correctly attired, wear

Something old and something new,

Something white and something blue,

and if the "something old" was not her own, but merely lent for the occasion, it was supposed that it would bring the wearer especial good luck.

The "something blue" was generally a blue ribbon, worn as a garter, which small articles of importance and even prominent part at the weddings of olden days, for we read that it was the custom at one time for the bride to wear "a host of garter ribbons" as garters, which after the marriage ceremony was concluded were distributed "among the bridegroom's friends."

Royalty's Flowers.

Queen Victoria was passionately fond of lilies of the valley, and no bouquet for her acceptance was deemed complete without the fragrant white bells, with their leaves of harmonious green twinkling somewhere in its composition. But she was also extremely fond of violets. This liking several of her descendants have.

The Empress Frederick, the queen's oldest daughter, when she was younger, always needed a bunch of fresh English violets to wear if they could possibly

be procured, averring that no perfume was ever so sweet as theirs.

The Empress Eugenie in her palmy days of triumphant beauty was also passionately fond of the lovely purple flowers.

The Princess of Wales, now Victoria's successor as queen, loves flowers and has almost invariably been seen with a bunch of violets of lilies of the valley fastened to her gown. A spray of the latter relieved the somber effect of her beautiful dark sables when she went to welcome Lord Roberts at Paddington.

Stephanotis is the favorite blossom of the crown princess of Greece.

Kaiser Wilhelm likes deep red orchids. The empress of Germany confesses to partiality for Marchal Niel roses. Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, is enamored of pink carnations, with their delicate roseate color and pungent perfume.

Princess Christian is an enthusiast about spring flowers, the rich gold and cream of daffodils, narcissus and jonquils.

Popping the Question.

Much has been written of the queer ways in which men have put the momentous question that is to gain or lose them a wife, but for practical common sense it would be hard to beat the proposal made by a certain learned German professor, who, after remaining a bachelor until long past middle age, fell head over ears in love with a pretty, fair haired, blue eyed maiden many years his junior.

Gretchen was always so surrounded by a tribe of small brothers and sisters and so busily engaged in household duties that there was but little leisure for romance in her life and no time at all for lovemaking. The poor professor, in spite of his learning, was terribly shy in feminine society, so that it seemed as though he would never find an opportunity to declare his passion, but one day by a lucky chance he came upon pretty Gretchen sitting alone for a wonder and diligently darning a much mended stocking, with a huge basket of the family hosiery beside her.

The usual greetings were exchanged—her parents' health dutifully inquired after, the weather discussed, and so on—then there was a pause.

Suddenly a brilliant thought struck the professor; he leaned forward and, laying his big hand on the little fist doubled up inside the stocking, said tenderly: "You darn very beautifully, fraulein. Would you like to darn my stockings only?"

And the fraulein, we are told, wisely answered, "Yes."

Queens of England.

There have been very few queen regents on the English throne. First of all, though but a shadow of a ruler, was the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, appointed to the throne by Edward VI and whose nine days of mock sovereignty in 1554 were followed by her death on the block in her sixteenth year.

Mary I came to the throne in 1553, and it is just as well to avoid entering here into the mazes of political and religious controversy that surrounded her history. There is no falsehood or cowardice in her face.

The eyes which we know were short sighted are small and devoid of charm, but they are honest. There is ability in the broad forehead, and its height and bareness would not offend the then prevailing ideas of comeliness. It is the mouth that mars all, though the artist has done his best. In some portraits of Mary the lips show merely a straight red line, a scratch on the pallid face. Those thin compressed lips belong to one who has endured long and silently, but whose sympathies have not been widened by suffering, one who could be cruel and yet unconscious of cruelty.

The Parlor a Place of Welcome.

Every room in the house has a certain ethical value. For example, as the parlor is the room in which you entertain your guests it should first of all express a warmth of hospitality. This welcome should be expressed in draperies, color effects, sunny window seats, flowers, pictures, books and all things that lend home atmosphere to the apartment.

Then there is an element of utility that must enter into a parlor. If you have elegant furniture that is too good to use, your guests will sit on the edge of your pink satin chairs and wish themselves well out of it. The drawing room of the English house contains all that is best in the house. It is library and music room combined, and it is also the sitting room. Our parlor is approaching more nearly to the idea of the English drawing room, for it no longer is too good to be used.—Harvot Holt Cahoon in Woman's Home Companion.

Don'ts of Dress.

Don't be dashing—be dainty.

Don't sacrifice fitness to fashion.

Don't spoil the gown for the yard of stuff.

Don't wear a white petticoat unless it is white.

Don't neglect quality for the sake of quantity.

Don't pioneer fashion with a cheap dressmaker.

Don't imagine that beauty will atone for untidiness.

Don't wear feathers in your hat and patches on your boots.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't make your own dresses unless you can do it really well.

Connoisseurs say that good coffee is seldom found today in private houses in the United States and attribute the deterioration in quality to the fact that few families now roast and grind their own coffee. Certain firms sell an excellent grade of roasted and ground coffee, but the same coffee browned and ground at home would be more satisfactory.

When Matthew Vassar built the first college for women, he planned it for the accommodation of 700 women "without a single clothespress in it," and when his attention was called to that fact he said, "Put two hooks on the door, one for her best dress, the other for her school dress." Bless the man, he had no daughters!

"Women who do fancy work don't fancy work," is the conclusion of a male philosopher who thinks he knows all about women. He lives alone in city lodgings, this misogynist, and is not to blame.—Good Housekeeping.

Mirrors should never be hung in the sunshine or they will become misty and granulated. The amalgam which is spread behind the glass will be ruined by direct and continued exposure to the sun.

NQT SO FUNNY.

An Exciting Game of Hide and Seek With Three Lions.

A game of hide and seek with a party of lions was once played at the house of the late Charles Jamrach in London. The particulars are related in Mr. Bartlett's "Life Among Wild Beasts at the Zoo."

Three small, emaciated lion cubs had been purchased by Mr. Jamrach, who, in order to give them leisure to recover health and strength, had them conveyed to a small room at the top of the house, the windows of the room being barricaded inside with strong iron netting.

The animals were placed under the care of Mr. Jamrach's principal assistant, Clarke, who fed and attended to them so well that they rapidly improved in condition.

With three or four establishments on his hands, Mr. Jamrach had not much time to think of the cubs and hardly remembered that they were in the house. There came a day, however, when it was necessary for Clarke to go to the docks. As he must be absent all day, he reminded his master that the lions up stairs had to be fed.

"All right," said Jamrach. "I'll feed them."

Later in the day he went up stairs, carrying the lions' food. Upon his opening the door and entering the room the three lions—to his astonishment, almost full grown—took fright at the sight of a stranger, and before he could recover himself they rushed past him and blundered headlong down the stairs.

Fearing that the door at the bottom of the staircase leading into the parlor might be open and that his wife might be terrified if the lions should rush into the room, Mr. Jamrach called:

"Mary, Mary! The lions are coming down stairs!"

Mrs. Jamrach shut the door in time to prevent their entrance. In the door was a glass panel, which enabled her to see into the small passage at the foot of the stairs, where the lions were standing. It was an awkward position, and she watched the animals with great anxiety.

In a few minutes she saw them begin to ascend the stairs. It was now her turn to do the warning. Her husband might not know that they were coming; so, quietly opening the door, she called, "Charlie, they're coming up stairs!"

Being unprepared to meet them, Jamrach beat a hasty retreat. He heard them growling savagely and thought best to secure himself by taking possession of their former quarters and shutting the door.

Here he meditated on his predicament and presently heard the animals starting down again. Thereupon he thought of his wife, and, opening the door, shouted another caution. Soon it was the wife's turn to do the warning, and so the cries went back and forth: "Mary, they are coming down!" "Charlie, they are coming up!"

When this performance had been repeated several times, the lions grew tired of ascending and descending. Finding no means of exit, they took matters into their own hands by possessing themselves of a bedroom on the second floor. Thereupon Jamrach cautiously descended to shut them in, and the game was over.

The lions remained in their new quarters until Clarke returned and coaxed them back to their own habitation on the top floor.

A Lonesome Lighthouse.

Perhaps the most interesting lighthouse in this country is on Tillamook rock, off the Pacific coast, about 20 miles south of the Columbia river. The top of the rock is 92 feet above the sea and the lamp is 136 feet high. The rock is very steep on three sides and quite steep on the fourth. It is so dangerous to vessels that the government decided in 1879 to build a lighthouse on it. The first man who tried to land was drowned, and his fellow workmen gave it up. Another gang was sent, and nine men succeeded in getting on the rock. They cut steps so as to reach the top. Afterward men and material for the lighthouse were landed with a traveling basket that ran along a cable stretched from the top of a ship some distance away. It took two years to finish the work. The Pacific constantly rolls and surges about Tillamook rock, and it is one of the wildest spots on earth. Ten years ago, during a storm, a tremendous wave broke off a 90 pound chunk from the bottom of the rock and flung it through the lamp, 136 feet above. Frequently heavy seas break 20 or 30 feet above the lamp and smash the glass plates around it.

She Knew the Difference.

They had the words "visit" and "visitation" in the reading lesson in a Washington public school the other day. Nearly every little girl in the class knew quite well what "visit" meant, but they were a little at sea when it came to "visitation."

"Now," said the teacher, "I want you to tell me what you think it means. It is something more serious, more awful, than visit. I don't want to tell you what it means till you have told me what you think it means. What do you think, Anna?"

Anna looked a bit doubtful, but, plucking up courage on the teacher's hint, she spoke.

"I know what 'visit' means," she said. "That's like when Cousin Jack comes to see us, and 'visitation'—well, when Aunt Jane comes, I guess that's a visitation."

Ant Instead of Whip.

In Guiana if a child is slow in its movements the parents apply an ant to it instead of a whip to make it move faster. This little ant bites more cruelly than a mosquito, and its bite is apt to be troublesome afterward.

How Prince Saved His Little Charges

Once upon a time there was a family named Burnside. There were a father, a mother and a nice, comfortable grandmother, besides the children. These were Walter, a boy of 6 going on 7, and a girl between 4 and 5. And there was a dog. The dog was a very much respected and useful member of the family. He was a monstrous St. Bernard, thoroughbred from the tip of his white nose to the end of his feathery tail. He was the guardian and companion of the children and never left them except when they were asleep.

Mr. Burnside lived in a small town. There was an orchard in front of the house, and the lawn sloped down to the edge of the Susquehanna river.

Walter wore kilts and had long yellow curls and lived in hopes they would all be cut off on his next birthday. Elinor had long curls, too, and both had blue eyes and red cheeks.

One day their mother had a headache and lay in a darkened room. Mr. Burnside was in Pittston, and grand-



ma had gone to take some nice things to a sick lady, and the servants were busy. No one took any notice of the children. They went out to see the little pigs, but the mother grunted at them. She had suspicions of Prince. Did I tell you that Prince was part of the dog's name? It was, and the other part was Roland Bonaparte Burnside. They called him Prince.

When the mother pig had shown the children that they were not wanted there, they started along down toward the river. Prince seemed to feel that there was danger somewhere and began to show uneasiness. But no matter what he did he could neither coax nor drive them away from the river when Elinor led the way down to where the boat was moored. She scrambled in.

"I want to go riding on the river, Walter. Come on."

"Maybe we mustn't," said Walter, hanging back a little. In his heart he knew he ought not. "But papa did not say so, did he?"

Then Walter climbed in the boat too. Prince barked and pulled Walter's kilt, but that little boy rolled in. Then Prince was discouraged and thought for a moment, finally deciding what to do, and he jumped in the boat with them, and he kept on barking with all his might.

"Unlock the boat, Walter. Let's take a sail."

"The gardener has the key, but I guess I can pull the chain up over the stake."

Walter pulled and tugged and rocked the boat, and at last the chain was off the post, and the boat began to drift away.

Elinor and Walter looked down into the clear water and saw the pebbles below. They did not realize their danger, and the boat drifted rapidly along. Soon it began to grow dark, and Elinor began to cry.

"Let's go home, Walter. I 'most know mamma wants us."

"I can't; I don't know how, and the oars are in the toolhouse."

Then two or three tears rolled down his cheeks, though he tried to be brave.

"I am hungry and want my supper," sobbed Elinor. Then Walter put his arms around her, and they hugged up close in the bottom of the boat and cried till they fell asleep.

When they opened their eyes, they saw that their boat was close inshore. They were on Butternut island, a place where nobody ever came except in the fall after the frosts to get the nuts from the big trees which gave the name to the place. The boat was caught in the driftwood. Prince was wagging his tail and kissing their faces. "Let's go out on the ground," said Elinor.

Prince was glad when they were all on dry land and capered about joyfully. "I'm hungry," cried Elinor. "I want my bread and milk."

"I don't know where we are going to find anything to eat," said Walter. "I am hungry, too, and I guess Prince is. Prince, go find something to eat."

Prince started slowly, smelling around, and the children kept hold of his shaggy mane. He wandered around, back and forth, but found nothing to eat. They hunted until their feet were tired, and then they sat down to watch the squirrels.

"I want to go home, so I do," sobbed Elinor.

"So do I," answered Walter, and Prince barked his wish to go home.

The day had passed in fruitless searches for something to eat, in play and in tears. When it grew dark, they all curled down by the roots of a tree on the soft moss and went to sleep. Prince slept with one eye open.

The second morning dawned on the lost children and their faithful dog. They drank water and then sat down weak and sick. Prince looked hollow under the ribs and anxious in the face. He kept close to the children and lay with his nose between his paws.

"Let's get into the boat again, Elinor. Perhaps she will sail back home."

"Yes, let's," said Elinor. They got up and started for the place where the boat had been, but it was gone. The current had carried it off. They sank down and cried until they fell asleep.

All this while it must be supposed that Prince was deliberating on the situation, for as soon as they were asleep he got up and kissed them, dog fashion, and looked at them a long time. Then, with a look of determination in his big brown eyes, he deliberately walked down to the edge of the river and plunged in and began to swim to the eastern shore. The island was close to the western side.

When Prince reached the bank, he was nearly dead, for he was weak from hunger. He lay exhausted for awhile, then shook himself and started for home. It was nearly three miles in a straight line, and the road was rough, but he hurried as fast as he could.

While all these things were happening things had happened at the Burnside home also.

It was nearly dark before the children were missed. Their father came home from Pittston and brought them each a football with all the colors of the rainbow. Grandma had returned, and there was a new supply of caraway seed cakes cut out in hearts and diamonds. Mamma felt better and came down to supper. Then the father called the children. There was no answer. Nobody had seen them. The mother faintly, Grandma said:

"Call Prince."

They called Prince, but he did not bark his answer, and then they began to search everywhere. Suddenly they saw that the boat was gone, and there was a little bunch of flowers on the bank. Then they felt certain that the children were in the boat and had doubtless drifted away.

One man ran to the nearest neighbor and borrowed his boat, and Mr. Burnside telegraphed to every town on the river, asking that some one should keep watch for a skiff with two little children and a dog in it.

They started men down the river in the borrowed boat, but no one thought of going around the other side of Butternut island. They rowed as far as Pittston, and then Mr. Burnside took the train home, hoping to find some news there.

All night long they searched. The next morning some one found the boat empty. Mrs. Burnside fainted again. Mr. Burnside said:

"We must drag the river."

Grandma stopped walking around and said:

"If Prince had not been along, I should say so, too, but I cannot help thinking that he has saved them."

At daylight the next morning they began preparations to drag the river.

Grandma stood on the porch. Her withered hands held the poor, faded little bunch of flowers. She kissed them two or three times. She looked very old today. She turned her head so that no one should see her tears, and there was poor Prince, dusty and dirty, dragging himself feebly through a clump of bushes. He gave one bark, full of that same note of distress, and fell down panting.

"Come, Prince. Come with me," said grandma, and she ran with all her strength toward the river, Prince staggering along after her.

"Charles! Charles! Prince is here. Come quick! Oh, my babies!"

When Prince reached the river side, he found the same boat in the same place. He seemed to regain all his strength and sprang in it, barking wildly and waving his great bushy tail. Mr. Burnside said:

"Where are they, Prince?"

Prince did everything he could to show that he knew and got so far into the stern of the boat, as that part pointed down the river, that he nearly fell into the water.

They called to all to come in the boats, and just as they were ready to start—quite a little fleet of them—grandma came hurrying along as fast



THE SECOND MORNING DAWNED ON THE LOST CHILDREN AND THEIR FAITHFUL DOG. As her trembling feet would let her. She had two shawls and a large basket.

"Charles, Charles!" she called. "Stop. I must go along. If we do find them, they will need me, and I understand Prince better than any one."

They made a place for her. As soon as she was settled she brought a fine roast chicken for Prince and laid it at his feet. His mouth watered, and he turned grateful eyes at Mrs. Burnside, but did not touch the chicken.

"I know, Prince. You want to keep that for the children; but, see, I have something for them too."

When she had said this, the chicken disappeared like magic, and Prince took his stand again, with his nose pointed down the river. They came near Butternut island, and then Prince acted like a crazy dog.

"Are the babies here, Prince?" asked

THE JOBBERNOWLS PULLED the PIG'S ACHING TOOTH

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Poor Piggy had a toothache bad; it almost set him wild; He could not eat or root or play and never, never smiled! Dame Goose, who could not bear to see a creature suffer so, Applied all sorts of toothache drops to soothe his pain and woe. His head she tied up in poultices and kept him wrapped up warm And watched to see he staid at home and no one did him harm. Marie and Bess and Tessa came to pet him up a bit, Although at times his anguished squeals their heads would almost split.



Now Wong and Hans and Ole, too, were playing in the front, And they were much annoyed when Pig would start to squeal or grunt. Said Hans: "There goes that tiresome pig. If my tooth bothered so, I'd up and to the Dentist Man and have it out, I know." "I say," cried Wong, "let's pull it out. No hurtle much, me tink. Besides he just shut up his eyes, we yank it in a wink!" The three began to laugh and plot; then to the sty they ran To coax poor Piggy to agree to try their dreadful plan.



They sneaked with Pig toward the barn, and there upon the floor They laid him down; a piece of twine his tooth tied to the door; A handkerchief his eyes bound up, so that he could not see Just when the dentist meant to pull and try his tooth to free. When all was ready, Hans went out; Wong at the window stood, While Ole staid beside the pig to coax him to be good. Wong raised his hand—that was the sign—Hans banged the door out wide, And there poor Piggy's aching tooth was hanging just outside.

grandma. No one could have misunderstood his reply, though he had no voice to speak with. Any one with eyes could see his meaning. They rowed faster and faster. Prince made extravagant signs of joy when they crossed the current and went toward the narrow channel. Here Prince could not contain himself any longer, but sprang out of the boat with a great splash and swam to the little cove where the boat had landed.

The anxious ones reached the shore about the same time. Prince bounded to the place where he had left the children, stopping every few steps to be sure that the others were following him. The children were where he had left them. They had roused a little two or three times and cried themselves to sleep again.

Suddenly the dear old Prince was there, barking and pawing them and licking their faces. Just then a wonderful thing happened. They heard grandma say:

"Take a little drink of milk, dearie," and they did and felt better right away. Then grandma kissed them and hugged them tight, tight, and papa was there, and he hugged them very hard, and all the neighbors kissed them.

Prince sat quite still, looking at grandma and the children in perfect content. He was the hero of the hour. Mr. Burnside promised Prince a silver collar and a roast turkey. He smiled with pleasure. If you think a dog can't smile, ask him if he would like roast turkey and then watch him.

OLIVE HARPER.

LIGHT MINDED TOMMY.

Hemmingway, Mac, the doctor and myself were in one of the back rooms of the club one night when Hemmingway told us this story.

"You remember Tommy Masters, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mac; "real pretty boy, with a limited number of ideas. Heavy on spouting Shakespeare and light on all points of judgment and moral principle."

"Exactly. Came home from college and married Marian Westly and moved down to Coalfield, where his father has mines. Had been engaged to the girl long before he went away."

"Was he, though? I never heard of that before," said the doctor. "I used to wonder what made the Westly girl stay out of society."

"Yes; she thought a pile of Tommy. It was a kind of family arrangement all around. Marian Westly was a good girl, too—best in the town, in my opinion. One of those thoroughgoing, substantial, homelike bodies who will always keep a hearth bright and know a dozen recipes for a torpid liver or a bad cold. A thousand times too good for Tommy Masters, as I know now and suspected then."

It seemed to me that at this point Hemmingway barely caught and held back a sigh, but he continued steadily:

"Well, Tommy came home from college and staid around the store a good deal. You remember his father owned stock with us then. He drew his allowance regularly, and I used to help him out when he ran short before the 1st. One day he came to me looking very serious. He said he wanted advice and took me into a little room up stairs where none of it would get away. I always liked the boy somehow. He was good natured and fresh looking, though rather light on ideas, as Mac says.

"Well, he told me a long story, and the upshot of it was he wanted to get out of his engagement with Marian Westly. He had met another girl while he was at school, 'a regular stunner,' he said, and the photograph he showed me was of an uncommonly pretty girl, I must admit—a round faced, curly headed little creature, posed like an actress. He had met her at private theatricals and had done 'heavy business' to her. He was always stagestruck, as Mac says. He said that he was 'dead gone' on her, and from parts of a letter which he showed me I judged that the 'gone' business was mutual.

"They had arranged matters for the future beautifully. She was only 17 and was going to adopt the stage as a profession, and he was to do likewise. They would join forces in due time and win fame and fortune together.

"I ransacked the different corners of my head and raked out all the things I had been reading about the tawdry tinsel of the stage and the unhappy marriages among the profession as contrasted with the substantial benefits of a quiet home and a solid business, and I put them at him as strong as I could. I told him that the girl might be pretty, but that I was sure she was frivolous and not worth a finger of Marian Westly; that she was nice enough, no doubt to flirt with, but when a man married he wanted a woman who would make his home cheerful, be a mother to his children and a comfort to his parents in old age."

I could not help wondering at this point why Hemmingway, with such generous ideas of marriage, had himself remained a bachelor, but I said nothing.

"Well, go on, old man. What next? He took your advice and married the Westly girl?"

"Yes," said Hemmingway, "he did, more's the pity. He wrote and broke off with Little Nell, as he called her, and moped around the store for a week or two, looking at me reproachfully whenever I passed him. He got over it, though, when we went out to Colorado trout fishing and married Miss Westly and settled down in Coalfield that fall. I thought everything would be all right then, and it was, I guess, for a time. Then the other girl went on the stage and made a great hit in New York. Tommy heard of it and was wild. He saw a picture of her in some paper and a flash article about her beauty and talent. His highest ambition had always been to be the husband of that kind of woman.

"He came up one day and brought the article along, and as soon as we were alone together began to abuse me for, as he put it, having ruined his life. I don't know what I said. I didn't say much. I was too badly taken down. Then, about six months afterward, his wife came up to see me. She had found out all about the other girl and was sure that Tommy still loved her. I half suspect that Tommy himself had told her as much. She was sure Tommy had letters from the woman, and she feared that he answered them in secret. She was very unhappy. What should she do?"

"I wanted to tell her to go home to her people and let that young dunce go to the devil, but I didn't, and I believe I hatched up some kind of lie about Tommy being young and would no doubt come around all right before long. She went back, and I haven't heard of them since."

There was a moment's pause, which was broken by the doctor.

"Well, Hemmingway," he said, "with an air of one who has something of importance to tell, 'you can set your mind at rest on that score. I came through Coalfield yesterday and saw Tommy, and he took me out to see his wife and a week old baby. They are as happy and contented as doves, and he is the proudest daddy you ever saw.'"

"What?" interrupted Hemmingway. "You don't say so!"

"Yes, and as to that actress business I got an inkling of it when he was up here, and yesterday I pumped him—perfectly easy, of course. She was married six months ago to an old man who has already had two wives and has been following her around ever since she came out. Tommy's altogether disgusted with the stage and tending to business like a man."

"Well, well!" said Hemmingway. "Praise him from whom all blessings flow!"—Exchange.

A Rapid Composer.

Mr. George Grossmith gives a description of Sir Arthur Sullivan's great rapidity of working. He says: "He told me himself at one of the final dress rehearsals of 'Iolanthe' that he had yet to do the overture to the opera, which any one can still see is an elaborate and masterly composition. He sat up until about 5 in the morning, never leaving his desk, and writing with an assiduity which it is almost impossible to realize."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 10.

Text of the Lesson, Math. xxvi, 67-68. Memory Verses, 62-64—Golden Text, Math. xvi, 16—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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57. "And they that had laid hold on Jesus led Him away to Caiaphas, the high priest." They were evidently expecting Him, for the scribes and elders were assembled at the high priest's house (Luke xxii, 54). We are so familiar with the story that it does not take hold of us as it should; so we must come most humbly and relying upon the Holy Spirit to make it real to us. Let us always remember that Jesus was "God manifest in the flesh," the Creator of all things, the Redeemer of Israel, who brought all things into being by a word, who divided the Red sea and the Jordan and fed Israel with bread from heaven through all their wilderness journey. And now He had come to them fulfilling the prophecies concerning the coming of their Messiah in humiliation, that He might also fulfill the prophecies concerning the kingdom and glory, but they would not receive Him (John i, 10, 11). He now comes to us by His Spirit, in His word inviting us to accept Him, and in Him redemption, that we may in due time share His glory, and meantime be His witnesses; but the majority care not for Him.

58. "But Peter followed Him afar off unto the high priest's palace and went in and sat with the servants to see the end." John also followed and, being known to the high priest, went into the palace; but Peter at first stood without until John spoke to her that kept the door and brought in Peter (John xviii, 15, 16). One has said that Peter and John appear to have been witnesses of His sufferings throughout, and, after the women, were the first at the sepulcher, and they were afterward the most forward in declaring the truth respecting the crucified and ascended Redeemer. We may imitate John, who kept close to Him, but be warned by Peter not to follow afar off or be warmed at the enemy's fire.

59. 60. "Though many false witnesses came, yet found they none." Mark says their witness agreed not together" (Mark xiv, 56). Thus did Jezebel to Naboth when she wanted his vineyard for Ahab (1 Kings xxi, 9-13). It is written in the Psalms that they would treat the Messiah thus: "False witnesses are risen up against Me and such as breathe out cruelty." "False witnesses did rise up; they laid to My charge things that I knew not" (Ps. xxvii, 12; xxxv, 11). This having been His experience, we must think it strange if we as His disciples have the same, for He said, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you" (John xv, 18, 20). It is the fellowship of His sufferings.

61. "At the last came two false witnesses and said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God and to build it in three days." Mark adds, "Neither did their witness agree together." What Jesus had said was that if men destroyed the temple of His body, He would raise it up again in three days (John ii, 19-21). Either from this saying, or some other similar saying, some of the priests understood Him to say that He would rise from the dead the third day (Math. xxvii, 63, 64). If we are by others quoted as saying things we never said, nor intended to say, this also is fellowship with Him. Just tell Him and leave it. It is not always worth while to try and make it right.

62. "Answerest Thou nothing? What is it which these witness against Thee?" Thus the high priest spoke to Him after these false and disagreeing witnesses had testified. But, as they had proved nothing, there was nothing to reply to. Priests were chosen to have compassion upon their fellows and to offer sacrifices for them and obtain for them forgiveness from God (Heb. v, 1, 2), but here is a priest with a seemingly helpless prisoner before him, whom he is determined to condemn, even though there be nothing against Him. What a work of the evil one it all was—the work of the slanderer and destroyer!

63. 64. "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." When the false witnesses testified, He held His peace and answered nothing. It is very often the very best thing not to say a word—to be as a deaf man who hears not, and as a dumb man unable to speak. When He was reviled, He reviled not again. When He suffered, He threatened not. He opened not His mouth (Ps. xxxviii, 13; Isa. lii, 7; 1 Pet. ii, 22). His grace is sufficient to enable us to do likewise.

65. 66. "Ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death." Long before this they would have stoned Him because He said He was the Son of God (John x, 33-36), but His hour had not come. But now, as He said, it was their hour and the power of darkness. They had made up their minds to kill Him, and the time had come for Him to let them, for they could not take His life until He was willing (John x, 17, 18). Professing to be the people of God, they were by word and deed the enemies of God. What shall we say of preachers today who teach that we cannot know in this life whether our sins are forgiven or not, that Jesus will never come again to fulfill prophecy, that Israel will never be a righteous people in their own land given to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and that those who teach these things are presumptuous and false teachers?

67. 68. "Then did they spit in His face and buffeted Him." They blindfolded Him, they struck Him on the face, and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands. And He meekly bore it all that we might learn of Him to be meek and lowly and submissive even to the froward. When we consider that we should walk even as He walked (1 John ii, 6), how far short we come of being what He would like us to be! When we think of how little we are willing to bear for His sake, and that people are expected to see Him in us, we might well be discouraged did we not know that He is not discouraged with us, and that He knoweth our frame and is touched with a feeling of our infirmities and pitieth us. But we must aim at nothing less than He wants us to be, and, however unworthy, we must appropriate to ourselves that which is true of us in Christ, and, having as sinners truly accepted Him, we must say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "Thine, O Lord, is the power" (Gal. ii, 20; 1 Chron. xxix, 11), and trust Him to live His life in us.

